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THE  
MONTHLY VISITOR.

---

AUGUST, 1804.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF  
PAUL LE MESURIER, ESQ.

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Hail sacred Polity by Freedom rear'd!  
Hail sacred Freedom when by Law restrain'd!  
Without you what were MAN? a groveling herd  
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd!  
Sublime by you the Greek and Roman reign'd  
In arts unrivall'd—Oh to latest days  
In ALBION may your influence unprofan'd  
To godlike worth the gen'rous bosom raise,  
And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

BEATTIE.

WE are happy in introducing to the acquaintance of our readers, a gentleman, whose merit has been conspicuous in the various situations which he has filled. Such an example cannot fail of producing beneficial effects. In delineating such a character, we are rendering a service to society.

M. LE MESURIER was born in the island of Guernsey, Feb. 23, 1755. He was the se-

cond son of the late *John le Mesurier*, Esq. hereditary governor of the island of Alderney, to whom the patent was renewed for ninety-nine years by his present majesty. Nor may it be improper here to mention, that the government of Alderney (a small island in the British Channel) was, with all its royalties, given by king Charles the Second to an ancestor of Mr. le Mesurier, and continues in his family, for its present governor is his nephew, the eldest son of his late eldest brother, now a major in the 89th regt. of foot.

The subject of our memoir received his education at the foundation school of Salisbury; the master being then the Rev. Mr. Townsend. But his father, intending to have him brought up as a merchant, he was removed to London in the year 1769. Having been placed in the family of Noah le Cras, Esq. a merchant in Walbrook, he entered into partnership with him as soon as he came of age. And upon Mr. le Cras's retiring from business, succeeded to the house which still retains his name at the head of it. Thus have we traced *Mr. le Mesurier*, through the early stages of life, introducing him into the mercantile world, where he has always sustained a high character for industry and integrity.

We shall now delineate the conduct of *Mr. le Mesurier* in his public career; where we shall find him well entitled to the praise which has been bestowed upon him.

In the year 1784, the country was much agitated about *Mr. Fox's* India bill, and *Mr. le Me-*

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*surier* took a very active part in opposition to it. This indeed was the first circumstance that brought him forward to the notice of the public. In consequence of his activity on this occasion he was in April, 1784, elected *Director*, (a situation which he still retains) of the East-India Company.

The death of Sir Barnard Turner, happening in June following, he stood candidate for the borough of Southwark, and after a hard contest against the late Sir Richard Hotham, carried his election. He was re-elected without opposition in the year 1790, but did not again put up after the dissolution of parliament.

In October, 1784, he was elected *alderman* of *Dowgate-Ward*, a situation which he has filled with an uniform respectability.

The year 1793 saw him elevated to the *civic chair* of the first city in the world. It is well known that the metropolis was, during that period, in a state of alarm. Was it not therefore a fortunate circumstance for the country, that the magisterial office was sustained by an individual who possessed both youth and activity to quell riots; thus imparting to the civil power every requisite energy? The just sense which *Government* entertained of the LORD MAYOR's services, cannot be better expressed than by the insertion of the following *public letter*, received by him from the Secretary of State:—

" To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Burlington House, Nov. 7, 1794.

" MY LORD,

" I had last night the honor and satisfaction of receiving your lordship's letter of that day's date, in which you are so obliging as to take the trouble of giving me a very particular account of what passed at the Old Bailey on the three last nights of Hardy's trial, and of the steps which your lordship's usual prudence and firmness suggested to you the propriety of taking upon the day in which he was acquitted.

Your lordship must give me leave to congratulate you upon the success of the measures which you have taken, upon this as well as upon all similar occasions since your accession to the chief magistracy of the city, for the preservation and maintenance of the tranquility and good order of the metropolis; and to acknowledge with great thankfulness your uniform and unremitted attention and exertions in that respect.

I must beg to have recourse to that liberality of mind which so eminently distinguishes your lordship, in the representation you never omit to make of the services of those two very respectable corps, the Artillery Company and Light Horse Volunteers, to permit me to desire your lordship to express to them my grateful sense of the countenance and support they have again afforded to the civil magistrate, and the protection they have given to the due administration of justice; I also hope your lordship



will acquaint the city-marshals and the peace-officers under them, that their meritorious conduct has my best thanks.

“ I cannot conclude this letter without repeating to your lordship the sense which I, in common with the public, shall always entertain of your services in their cause, and assuring you of the respect and regard with which I am,

“ My lord,

“ Your lordship’s

“ Most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

“ PORTLAND.”

To this honourable testimony may be added *the vote of thanks* delivered to him upon his retiring from the Mansion House. As it is not worded in the usual common-place form—the introduction of it into this narrative will shew the sense which the *city* also entertained of his exertions.

“ SKINNER, MAYOR.

“ At a *Common Council* holden in the Chamber of the GUILDHALL of the City of LONDON, on Thursday, December 4, 1794.

“ Resolved unanimously,

“ That the thanks of the court be given to the *Right Honorable Paul le Mesurier*, late LORD MAYOR of the city, for his unremitting attention and zeal in the execution of the various duties of that high and important office, for the magnificence and truly liberal hospitality with which he sustained that exalted station, espe-

cially in the reception he gave to a most noble commander in the British arms, who, by his virtues and conquests in the east, he added fame to Englishmen and territory to the sovereign; and more especially for his unbounded and increasing benevolence to the many objects that appeared before him as chief magistrate, and particularly to the wives, widows, and children of our soldiers and seamen now fighting for the honor of their king and country; for his exertions in general for the good of the poor, and of his fellow-citizens, for his manly firmness in defending the liberty of the subject, and unshaken attachment to the constitution of these kingdoms; for the prudent, wise, and effectual measures he pursued at the hazard of his life, in quelling a most dangerous riot, and thereby preserving the peaceable inhabitants of this city from plunder, rapine, and murder, and in the language of the truly respectable Lord Chief Baron, obtaining *a bloodless victory over anarchy and confusion*; for the ready and willing access given to every degree of his fellow-citizens; for the steady, polite, and able conduct shewn in presiding over the debates of this court, and the readiness with which he assembled it together upon every important occasion, and for his uniform and affable behaviour, shewing at one view, the magistrate and the gentleman.

“ RIX.”

Having thus particularly noticed the applause which he gained on account of his able and spirited conduct during the *magistracy*, we shall

close this cursory piece of biography by mentioning—that in December, 1794, *Mr. le Mesurier* was elected *colonel* of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY. Into this very respectable corps he entered as member during the tremendous riots of 1780, when the metropolis of the British empire was for several days threatened with unremediable destruction. Nor must it be forgotten, that under the command of this able officer, the corps has flourished, so as to muster in the field near *one thousand men*! This was the number that appeared at the last *general review* by his MAJESTY in Hyde Park. We mention this circumstance as highly honorable to his activity—such exertion is entitled to special commendation, when we recollect the present alarming state of public affairs. Threatened with no less than annihilation by an ambitious and relentless enemy, we cannot perform a more acceptable service, than to rouse the energies of the people—it is the only sure and effectual mode of saving our beloved country.

There is a work lately published, entitled “The History of the Honorable Artillery Company,” to which the reader is referred for further particulars respecting the subject of our memoirs. Sufficient however has been said, to shew that COLONEL PAUL LE MESURIER is not only deserving of the encomiums which we have bestowed upon his conduct in every department which he has filled, but that he is entitled from his *uprightness* and *assiduity*, to the thanks of the community.

We conclude with remarking that he is a

brother of *Haviland le Mesurier*, Esq. whose work, entitled "THE BRITISH COMMISSARY," is esteemed as one of the best performances on the subject. It is divided into two parts. The *first*, delineating a *System for the British Commissariat on Foreign Service*; the *second*, containing an *Essay towards ascertaining the Use and Duties of a Commissariat Staff in England*. We have only to add, as a proof of its intrinsic merit, that "the AUTHOR having served from July, 1793, in Flanders and Holland, was left in charge of providing the combined army in Germany after the commissary-general's departure in the year 1795, and carried the system into execution."

We have only to return our best thanks to a *very respectable officer* in the *Whitechapel Volunteers* for the above particulars concerning the subject of our memoirs. He has not only thereby obliged us and our readers—but he has furnished, in these perilous times, an *example* of zeal and activity, the imitation of which cannot fail of being pronounced subservient to the welfare and prosperity of our country.

*Islington.*

I. E.

## THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 90.

THE POWERS OF GENIUS;  
A POEM,

By John Blair, Linn, A. M.

## THE MISCELLANIES.

HAVING in our last number finished our analysis of the *Powers of Genius*, and just introduced the reader to the *Miscellanies*, by transcribing a passage from the *Midnight Hymn to the Deity*, we shall now proceed to our closing remarks and extracts from this valuable publication.

The *Address to my Taper* is neat; and the following stanzas constitute an appropriate conclusion:

How fast thy slender form decays!  
Still, still a little longer stay—  
Now in thy socket falls thy blaze—  
It flutters and it dies away!

How like thy dim and dying flame  
The sons of genius and of lore!  
Whose soul too ardent for their frame  
Burn till their pulse can beat no more!

The *Farewel Song of Ossian* partakes of all the wildness and irregularity of Highland poetry:

Thy voice O son of Fingal has been heard,  
The harp of Selma was not strung in vain;  
Thy tale is told—Come Ossian, come away,  
And meet me in the clouds!

And come, I will, my father, king of men!  
My spear is weak. The life of Ossian fails!  
My steps no more are seen on Selma's plains,  
O! Crona's mournful flood!

The *Address to Hope* has many very pleasing lines:

Where'er thou art HOPE, hither come  
And make with me thy happy home:  
Come with thy blue enraptur'd eye  
Which spurns the earth and loves the sky:  
Come with thy robes of silver hue,  
With sandals bath'd in morning dew;  
With hair all streaming in the gale,  
With steps that scarcely kiss the vale;  
Come, and bring with thee along  
Laughter, and sport, and merry song,  
Such as most loves the shepherd's reed,  
While graze his flocks the fragrant mead.  
Come with thy fanning wings thro' air,  
And banish hence the fiend Despair—  
Let thy mild voice salute mine ear,  
And on thy bosom—fall my tear!

The lines, with which the piece concludes, charmingly describes the *hope* furnished by religion:

One promise, HOPE, which thou hast made  
Shall never, never, never fade—  
'Tis that which bids me look on high  
To yon bright world above the sky;

Where God my Maker reigns alone,  
And calls his children round his throne ;  
Then haste ye rolling years away,  
Sink worlds and systems in decay ;  
Break thou bright day upon the night,  
When heaven shall open on my sight !

The *Picture of Morning* is in blank verse : we insert the *beginning* and the *conclusion* :

Once more supported by the care of heaven,  
Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls—  
I breathe the air of morn. The voice of joy  
Now welcomes Nature from the sleep of night,  
And pours its song of gratitude to God !  
Come then Alinda—with me bend thy course  
O'er the gay landscape glitt'ring in the sun.  
Let us inhale the spirit of the breeze,  
And mark the charms of Nature in the bush,  
And brake, and lawn, and morn's unruffled wave.  
Give to the light—fair maid ! thy beauty—  
Give to the wind—thy locks of glossy hair—  
And give to ME thy soft benignant smile !

The last piece being an *Epistle to a Friend*, with the poem on the *Powers of Genius* —we transcribe a few lines with which we were much pleased :

Now Winter's gathering gloom o'erspread the sky,  
And all is bleak and cheerless to the eye—  
How fares my friend on Hudson's rugged brow,  
Where cold is keener—louder tempest. blow ?  
Say now what object does thy thoughts inspire  
While thou art shivering o'er thy blazing fire ?  
Behold, I send you from my muse, again  
A long, a daring and didactic strain ;

Receive this volume from your early friend,  
 And lash with mercy—where you can't commend;  
 I come no suppliant at the critic's throne—  
 I ask for JUSTICE—and for THIS alone!

We now dismiss the reader from the examination of this valuable *transatlantic* production, to the perusal of the volume itself—which every individual of taste ought to have in his possession.

*Islington.*

J. E.

## LONDON FASHIONS

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

**W**ALKING dress.—A conversation hat of lilac crape, with white feather. Round dress of buff muslin, long sleeves made very full, trimmed with lace. Habit shirt. White gloves.

Full Dress.—The hair fashionably dressed, with a lace veil, and white ostrich feather. A crape dress over pink silk, looped up on one side with tassels; the sleeves ornamented with lace; and lace tucker, white gloves and fan.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE hair dressed with curls, forming a kind of imperial diadem, interspersed with flowers and diamonds, and without any other covering but a veil, is the most fashionable coëffure. In the circle of *haut ton*, Plutus has prevailed over Flora; but every where else this goddess leaves



her ungallant rival behind her: and for one head with diamonds alone, ten are seen with flowers, and fifteen where the diamonds are almost concealed by the flowers, or are so few that they seem ashamed to shew themselves. Some milliners in the Palais Royal, and in the Rue St. Honore, plait the front of their hats with large plaits. These large plaits are particularly remarked with the undresses (*nègligès*) seldom with full dresses. The prevailing colours are white and light blue. White pearls, called *solitaires*, are worn in the ears; and white pearls, called *sociables*, are worn in necklaces and bracelets. The gauze capots are no longer seen. Large Brussels laces, called demi-veils, and which almost hide the face, are very numerous in the Thuilleries, in the Elysian Fields, and on the Bouvelards; but in the Luxemburgh, and in the Fauxbourgh St. Germain, they are entirely proscribed as *boudeuses*. Here the *belles* wear long veils, which lose themselves under the shawls, and form a capuchin. Long shawls, called imperial shawls, are always fashionable. They are of various colours and embroidery; but some with golden fleurs-de-lys were worn on the ceremony of the 13th of July. The *grissettes*, who cannot afford to pay a hair-dresser, carry on their shorn heads (*condu*) a crown of flowers, artfully, but tastefully made. Cambric gloves, and nankeen shoes, are worn with undress; but white Grenoble gloves, and white satin shoes, with full dresses. The fashionable *belles* now walk with a stoical gravity, slowly and *pensive*,

whilst our fashionable *beaux* are always in a hurry, and would by a stranger be taken for errand boys.

### NEW STAMP DUTIES.

RELATING TO BILLS OF EXCHANGE, &c.

BILLS, DRAFTS, or NOTES, *payable on demand*.

If —	l. 2 0	and not exceeding	l. 5 0	—	8d.
Above	5 5	ditto	30 0	—	1s. 6d.
Above	30 0	ditto	50 0	—	2s.
Above	50 0	ditto	100 0	—	3s.
Above	100 0	ditto	200 0	—	4s.
Above	200 0	ditto	500 0	—	5s.
Above	500 0	ditto	1000 0	—	7s. 6d.
Above	1000	and upwards	—	—	— 10s.

Notes on demand, with the above stamps, are re-issuable at the place where they were first issued.—Orders on bankers, payable to bearer on demand, within ten miles of the drawer, are exempted from the duty... The Bank of England notes are also exempted from the stamp-duties, on payment of an annual composition of 32,000l.

NOTES *payable after date or sight*.

If —	l. 2 0	and not exceeding	l. 5 0	—	1s.
Above	5 5	ditto	30 0	—	1s. 6d.
Above	30 0	ditto	50 0	—	2s.
Above	50 0	ditto	100 0	—	3s.
Above	100 0	ditto	200 0	—	4s.
Above	200 0	ditto	500 0	—	5s.
Above	500 0	ditto	1000 0	—	7s. 6d.
Above	1000	and upwards	—	—	— 10s.

FOREIGN BILLS *of* EXCHANGE.

When the Sum shall not exceed	£.100 0	—	1s.
Above £.100 0	ditto	200 0	2s.
Above 200 0	ditto	500 0	3s.
Above 500 0	ditto	1000 0	4s.
1000 0	—	—	5s.

N. B. Every bill, of each set, is chargeable with the respective duties.

## COINAGE.

ON this interesting subject it may not be unacceptable to our readers to state the quantities of specie coined since the time of Elizabeth.

	Gold.	Silver.
By Queen Elizabeth ..	12,000	4,632,032
James I.....	800,000	1,700,000
Charles I. ....	1,723,000	5,776,544
Parliament and Cromwell .....		1,000,000
Charles II.....	3,500,000	3,524,104
James II. ....	1,400,000	1,337,687
William III. ....	6,511,963	4,000,000
Anne .....	1,300,000	1,391,626
George I. ....	8,030,000	725,000
George II. ....	11,662,216	304,360
George III. ....	63,772,236	63,600

From this it is evident that the coinage of silver has been greatly neglected during the last

three reigns ; and that the quantity in existence is somewhat inadequate to the circulation of the country.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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#### THE FORCE OF NATURE.

**A**N elderly French lady retired to a country seat, had only one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, but a gamester and a debauchee. Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a strolling company of comedians ; who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went incog. to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man filled the principal part. During the recital of those passages, which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so strongly on her imagination, that she exclaimed aloud, " Aye, there he is ! the beggar ! the scoundrel ! Always the same ! No changing !" The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverly lifts up his hand to kill the child that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out—" Wretch that

thou art, don't kill the child! I will take it home with me!"

## CURIOSITY.

WHEN Sir Joseph Banks returned from his voyage round the world, he engaged several engravers to work in his own house to preserve his plans, as much as possible, from being pirated. One of these artists observing a jar in the garden, amidst other curiosities, opened the covering; and perceiving a liquor which afforded an aromatic flavour, he determined to taste it. Its delicious fragrance fully met his expectation; he therefore drank plentifully, naturally supposing it to be the produce of some happier clime than his own. At length, being satisfied with the surface, he felt as great an inclination to know what the bottom contained; he felt *something*; and, drawing it up, beheld—horrible to his imagination! the preserved head of an Otaheitan, slain in battle! The punishment which Sir Joseph inflicted—that of instant dismissal---was the smallest part of the evils which resulted from this unwarrantable act of curiosity.

## SUPERSTITION.

*Les jours se suivent, mais ils ne se ressemblent pas.*  
In Latin, *Dicm diestrudit, non similem sui.*—  
Though day follows day in regular succession, they bear no resemblance to each other. This proverbial sentence is applicable to the ideas of

such people, as, on particular days, are afraid to perform certain indifferent actions, from the dread of incurring some danger, or, as they term it, ill *luck* ; a species of superstition which has come from the Chaldeans, through the means of Pythagoras. That philosopher believed that there were particular days and hours proper for the performance of particular ceremonies ; and other days and hours improper for those purposes ! and on this belief he founded a species of precept, which is still followed by people of weak minds, who, for example—among many other similar instances of folly—would not, on any account, cut their nails on a *Friday*. It is probable that this ridiculous idea is derived from the symbol of Pythagoras, which forbids to pare the nails during the sacrifice---*ad sacrificium ungues ne præciditio*. Ignorant Christians having taken this precept in its literal sense, have applied it to Friday, the day on which the holy Author of their religion completed his generous sacrifice. Beneath the symbol of Pythagoras, however, was concealed an excellent precept of morality---namely, That during the time of prayer, our thought should be solely bent on the Deity, and every base and unworthy sentiment expelled from the mind.

Another explanation of the above symbol has also been given by an ancient author, who says that Pythagoras meant thereby to enforce the necessity of assembling, when any one offered up a sacrifice, all his relations, however distant, or however poor ; for that such an act of piety should banish all ideas of pride, and cement the

bond of family friendship. It is well known, that sacrifices were always followed by a feast, to which both friends and relations were invited. The symbol, taken in this last sense, gives reason to suppose, that the ancients were all ways inclined to refuse to their poor relations admittance to those ceremonies at which decency required their presence, and to treat them with the same contempt as the extremity of their nails, which they cut off and threw from them.

## THE RETORT.

AT a late trial at Guildhall, between a buckle-maker plaintiff, and one of the same trade defendant, on an encroachment made on a patent which the former had obtained, Mr. Erskine, as counsel for the plaintiff, displayed much rhetoric on the rapid improvement of the *arts*, and mentioned the invention of his client as entitled to public praise, and of course to the protection of law: in conclusion, looking at his own buckles which were of the then new pattern, he exclaimed with all the *warmth* of a *sincere* advocate——“ So elegantly are these ornaments constructed, that were my ancestors to rise from their graves, and happen to observe my legs, how would they be surprised !”——“ Very true, my learned brother,” cried Mr. Mingay, who was counsel for the defendant, “ they would be very much surprised indeed ! to find you had got——either *shoes* or *stockings* !”

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QUALIFICATIONS NECESSARY TO FORM A  
GREAT MINISTER OF STATE,

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WHAT ought to be the qualifications of a minister in one of the great courts of Europe? He should be a man, whose temper nothing can intimidate, and yet not too ready to adopt any of those vast projects, with the conception of which the imagination is delighted, but which ought not to be executed but after the maturest deliberation. He should be animated with the desire of gloriously filling his career, and yet not too hasty in fixing upon his characteristical features. He should be tenderly attached to his country, and yet not a slave to the silly prejudice, which represents it as the exclusive asylum of capacity and talents. What an assiduous cultivation ought to have enriched this rich and genial soil! The knowledge of men that is to be derived from history, combined with what passes immediately under our eyes. That observation of things which depends upon personal inspection, and that comparison of interests to which genius only is adequate. An intimate acquaintance with that department of history, which exhibits treaties, concluded, altered, rejected: which includes projects, abandoned, resumed, well and ill executed, enforced with vigor, or proscribed with violence. How many talents are necessary to enable a man to appear with advantage, and to gain the confidence of the persons to whom he addresses himself! A clear and perspicuous style, accurate and distinct ideas, great command of language,



great strength of character, seducing manners, the mastery of the passions, rapidity of execution, coolness in the midst of tumult, a solid judgment, a never-failing penetration, the art of concealing all these advantages, and the ability of discovering enough of them to overawe and subdue the understandings of mankind. All these gifts are nothing without the talent of employing them. To maintain the dignity of your master, without engaging in unnecessary wars; to guard against the weakness of temporising, that doubles our calamities, while it delays the application of a remedy; to guard with still more jealousy against that precipitation, which the vulgar, fond of a busy scene, mistake for the rapidity of genius; to watch over the movements of foreign courts, without having recourse to the base instrumentality of spies; to penetrate in a period of tranquility into the arsenal of an enemy; to prepare at a distance the means of defence; to regard the best constructed treaty as only a suspension of arms: in the very *tempest and whirlwind* of affairs, to call to your assistance that firmness, which surmounts a thousand obstacles; that felicity of resource which defeats the most pertinacious opposition; ambition; a courage, that holds calamity in contempt; a skill, that improves victory, that foresees surprises, that repairs misfortunes, that encounters success with success, that bears up against temporary miscarriage; a skill, still more uncommon, to secure the esteem of Europe, to become the dread of your rivals and the dependence of your friends; an art, almost

more than human, to make the lustre of your own talents reflect back on your master, and to persuade your neighbours, that the advantages you possess result from the combination of talents that exists in your country. To this assemblage of qualifications, that is almost visionary, it is necessary to add, decent and respectable manners; a disinterestedness, so pure, that it is acknowledged by your very enemies; an indifference for the eclat of the moment in comparison of the suffrage of posterity; a love of labour, of order, and of virtue; that simplicity, which is the characteristic trait of a great man; in fine, that philosophical contempt for unjust censure, which can never exist till you have first attained a possession very easy in appearance, incomparably difficult in reality, the *esteem of yourself*.

#### ATTENTION TO NEATNESS IN DRESS.

A LATE worthy baron of the exchequer, who clothed an excellent head, and honest heart, rather too negligently, met with no ill-timed sarcasm from a learned serjeant, who made the court wait one morning on the circuit. On his taking his place, the baron, who sat as judge, observed, rather sharply :

*Baron.* Brother, you are late, the court has waited considerably.

*Serj.* I beg their pardon; I knew not that your lordship intended sitting so early; the instant I heard your *trumpets*, I dressed myself.

*Baron.* You was a long while about it !

*Serj.* I think, my lord, (looking at his watch) not twenty minutes.

*Baron.* Twenty minutes ! I was ready in five after I left my bed.

*Serj.* In that respect, *my dog Shock* distances your lordship hollow ; he only shakes his coat, and fancies himself sufficiently dressed for any company.

#### GOUPY, THE ARTIST.

GOUPY attended as an assistant drawing-master at the palace of the prince of Wales. While he was one day there, his present majesty, then prince George, and a very little boy, for some trifling fault, was ordered to stand behind the chair as a prisoner. Goupy was commanded to go on with his drawing ; ‘ How can I,’ replied the artist, ‘ make a drawing worthy the attention of your royal highness, when I see the prince standing behind your chair, under your displeasure ? ’ ‘ You may return to your seat, sir,’ said the good-natured prince of Wales, ‘ but remember that Goupy has released you.’

As Goupy grew old, he became very poor. At the accession of his present majesty he was eighty-four.—Soon after that period, walking in a pensive mood on the Kensington-road, he observed the royal carriage, and pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the king’s eye ; he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him ‘ how he went on, and what he had to live upon ? ’ ‘ Little enough, in truth,’ replied the old man, ‘ little enough, but as I was once so happy as

to take your majesty out of a prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one.' 'Indeed I will not,' replied the king, 'until I enquire farther about your situation, you shall be paid a guinea a-week.' This the poor man received a few weeks, at the end of which time he died.

#### THE LATE SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

WHEN Sir Richard came first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but, being remarkably frugal, saved money out of a very scanty income. With this saving he took a cellar; at the cellar-head he displayed this inscription: "Subterraneous shaving, with keen razors, for One Penny!" The novelty had a very successful effect, for he had plenty of customers; insomuch, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two-pence for a clean chin, were obliged now to come down to the reduced price; and they also stiled themselves subterraneous shavers, though they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this Sir Richard went still to a farther reduction, and shaved for one HALF-PENNY! A neighbouring cobbler one day descended the original 'subterraneous' tonsor's steps, in order to be shaved; the fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, told him, he hoped he would give him another half-penny, for his beard was so stiff it might spoil his razor. The cobbler replied, "I'll see thee hang'd, first!" Arkwright shaved him for the halfpenny, and immediately gave him two pair

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of shoes to mend; and this was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune; for the cobbler, struck with the unexpected favor, introduced him to the inspection of the cotton-machine, invented by his particular friend, which Arkwright got possession of, and which gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money.

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## REFLECTIONS

ON THE

### REDUCTION OF MALTA BY THE FRENCH.

*(Extracted from Boisselin's History of Malta, just published.)*

**M**ALTA, situated on a rock in the midst of the Mediterranean, was fortified in the strongest manner. Nature and art combined in making it, to all appearance, impregnable; and there was every reason to believe it would have escaped the dire effects of the war, which had already spread desolation throughout the continent. The inhabitants, happy under the wise and paternal government of the knights, appeared likely to repulse every attempt at a revolution which would tend to destroy it. Yet, alas! as it has fatally proved, neither the strength of the fortifications, nor the benevolence of the sovereign, could have saved it from destruction.

I have already laid before the reader the deep dissimulation with which the French government contrived the ruin of Malta; I will now take notice of the extraordinary circumstances which decided the moment for carrying their

perfidious plans into execution, with the motives they alledged in justification of their conduct. Lastly, in pleading the cause of the Maltese and knights, I will endeavour to place before their eyes the cruel misfortunes which must necessarily await them, should they be doomed to an eternal separation.

The members of the directory having made a temporary peace with the continent, were suddenly deprived of the resources with which the pillage of their agents had hitherto supplied them. The riches carried off from Holland, Germany, and Italy, had been as quickly dissipated as acquired. The want of money, and the equal want of credit to procure a supply, soon rendered their situation very embarrassing; particularly as the peace lately concluded left a victorious and discontented army to be paid, young and ambitious generals to be restrained within bounds, and men of letters to be bribed to silence. Thus critically situated, a romantic expedition, worthy the days of chivalry, was imagined: this was calculated to satisfy both army and literati, by presenting to the former the most brilliant prospect of military glory, and to the latter advantages of various kinds. The command was given to a general whose influence was dreaded by the directory; for it was very well known that he had obtained the confidence of the soldiers during war, and was much connected with artists and men of letters in time of peace.

The little remaining money in the public coffers was employed in preparations for this ex-

pedition. A considerable fleet was fitted out with unheard-of celerity. The troops, distinguished by the name of the army of England, were embarked on board six hundred transports in the ports of the Mediterranean. The greatest part of these troops, whose hopes had been raised, and who had flattered themselves with gaining immense riches on the banks of the Thames, little imagined they were destined to fight against an allied power, and lose their lives or liberty on a friendly shore.

It is impossible to imagine any thing more truly absurd and ridiculous in diplomatic affairs than the official proclamations and manifestoes published relative to Malta. When the French fleet appeared before the island, the commanders announced themselves as friends to the order, and, as such, demanded free entrance into the port, to take in water; notwithstanding which the French government soon after publicly affirmed, that it had regarded Malta as an enemy ever since the year 1792. The generals also declared to the knights, that it was very fortunate they had offered no resistance, since, on a signal agreed on with the French fleet, they would all have been instantly massacred. They likewise confessed that this atrocious conspiracy had been long formed by the directory. The commander in chief frankly owned, that the principal motive of his precipitate attack on Malta was the apprehensions of its becoming the property of Russia. He might have added with still greater truth, that having left France without money, the gold,

jewels, and great riches, of the island, were too attractive to escape the rapacious views of the French troops; and that his ill-manned fleet stood in the utmost need of recruits to furnish to each ship its proper and proportionate complement. On any other occasion, or at any other time, a general might probably have addressed himself to the grand-master, simply telling him, that his enemies (knowing his inability to make an efficacious defence) intended to take advantage of his situation, and to invade the island; and that, to prevent their designs being carried into execution, he would place a garrison in some of the fortresses, which in the event of a peace should be withdrawn. Such a declaration, however, could never have been made by the agents of the directory, who must naturally adopt the language of their superiors. Even the commander-in-chief, though certain victory seemed to attend his footsteps, at the very moment he commanded success, was himself bound in chains rivetted by the hand of guilt and tyranny.

Let me here express my sincerest wishes for the happiness of the Maltese people. Ruined by the French, conquered by the English, uncertain of their future destiny, what a cruel situation is theirs! The question at present is, whether or not, like so many other nations, they are to be sacrificed to what is dignified by the epithet of *the general interest*, and become the property of some continental power? Supposing this to be case, what must necessarily be their fate?



The moment the Maltese become subject to another sovereign, a garrison of five or six thousand foreign troops will enter their island, and they will be obliged to furnish an equal number of seamen. It is contrary to the political system of the European states to allow arsenals for the navy, and dock-yards for ship-building, in countries distant from their metropolis; and still less will they consent to transport the produce of their industry and manufactures into such countries: it is not therefore to be expected that an exception should be made in favour of Malta. It likewise makes part of the same system, that all subjects of one empire should be indiscriminately taxed, and that such taxes should be equally paid by foreigners and natives. Why then imagine that Malta should be more indulgently treated than the rest of its fellow-subjects?

I have already sufficiently proved that of the hundred thousand inhabitants in Malta, only one-third could subsist on the product of the island; that, consequently, different methods were obliged to be employed to provide for the remaining sixty-six thousand:—that the university was under the necessity of purchasing corn every year to a more considerable amount than what was produced by the whole trade and industry of the island: that without the four millions of French livres annually expended by the knights, it would have been impossible to have supplied the inhabitants with the most necessary articles of existence: that the order never laid on any direct taxes; and that the natives

alone had a share in the civil administration of the island, together with every thing relative to the finances. Where, may I ask, will the sovereign be found, who, at this present moment, will produce from his coffers the above-mentioned sums? Who will contribute to the maintenance of hospitals constantly open for the reception of the sick of both sexes?—Who will daily distribute bread to five or six hundred families?—and who will keep up those numerous institutions, where infancy and old age received gratis all that assistance so particularly necessary at the two most interesting periods of human existence, and which, alas! they might elsewhere vainly implore?—Who, may I likewise demand, will supply the place of the four or five hundred knights who inhabited the magnificent palaces and sumptuous edifices in the city Valetta; and who, in their superb country-houses, constantly employed themselves in cultivating at a great expence the (to all appearance) barren soil of this rocky isle?

Since, unhappily, there exists no sovereign capable of advancing those sums which are absolutely necessary, not only for the prosperity of the island, but to prevent the dire effects of famine, by which it must be annually threatened, I may venture confidently to affirm, that, ere a few years shall be elapsed, Malta will become a burthensome charge to its sovereign; who, in his turn, must necessarily be odious to his subjects. Yet, surely, all conquerors who are ambitious of obtaining the interesting title of the benefactors of mankind—a title, alas! given to

so very small a number by posterity—must ever be desirous to maintain their newly-acquired subjects in their former happy situation; and, if possible, make them forget by a succession of fresh benefits, those which had rendered their predecessors so truly and so justly beloved.

Russia had undoubtedly formed the wisest plan, when, wishing to add the possession of this island to her vast domains, she determined to preserve the order of St John of Jerusalem, as the only means of making it a useful and a flourishing colony. To this it may perhaps be objected, that though the above-mentioned facts cannot be denied, nor the utility of the order disputed, it would be impossible, after the cruel losses it has sustained, either to support the hospitals, or provide the armaments which rendered its existence so extremely important to the trade of the Mediterranean. Five languages still remain of the original eight which composed the order of Malta;—that of Italy, which unfortunately has lost half its possessions; that of Anglo-Bavaria, and those of Arragon, Castille, and Germany, which have suffered in a less degree. There still, however, exist some benefices which bring in a considerable revenue, and which of late years have been almost exclusively possessed by either princes, or the near relations of popes and cardinals. Let the order then, in future, fix the *maximum* of each commandery at (we will suppose) fifteen hundred pounds sterling, and the overplus of those which exceed this sum be appropriated to the

support of the Maltese navy. Should the knights of these languages (which I will not allow myself to suppose) object, that such an overplus would be insufficient to answer the purposed end, let the deficit be supplied by taxing the commanderies in proportion to their respective value. This mode of proceeding will, I am perfectly convinced, be approved by the knights: it is not only just, but absolutely necessary. The age we live in calls for the greatest sacrifices: they are, indeed, become an indispensable duty, since they are not only sanctioned, but commanded, by the sacred laws both of religion and honour.

Should the order once more return to Malta, it would be absolutely impossible, for the first year or two, to maintain the same number of men-of-war as formerly; and the other christian powers would be unjust to complain of such a deficiency: on the contrary, it would be greatly for their own interest to furnish the knights with some vessels in sailing condition: the corsairs having undoubtedly taken advantage of their absence to range unmolested the Mediterranean.

It has frequently been in agitation to pay subsidies to the order: but a revenue of this kind could never with propriety be accepted; since Malta would then be a tributary state, and consequently become dependent on a particular power. These subsidies might likewise be stopped at pleasure, which would make the state of the Maltese navy very uncertain. It

ought, on the contrary, to be permanent, and always ready to set sail on the first appearance of a Barbary corsair having put to sea. Let no one imagine the utility of the order of Malta to be merely temporary and partial; it is, on the contrary, both constant and general: constant, because the infidels who inhabit the coast of the Mediterranean, interest themselves very little about commerce, the greatest part of them subsisting entirely by piracy, consequently never are at peace at one and the same time with all Christian princes; and generally, since it does not merely confine itself to protecting the countries in which its possessions are situated, such as Spain, Sicily, and Italy, but is equally attentive to the interests of America, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, &c. These countries may, indeed, be said to reap still greater advantages from its protection: since some months must necessarily elapse, before it can possibly be known at Philadelphia, Petersburg, Stockholm, and Berlin, that the beys of Tunis and Algiers have declared war; during which time, without the assistance of Malta, the corsairs would seize on the merchantmen of these powers with impunity.

The English and French men-of-war, in honor bound to keep treaties with their allies, which the Barbarians laugh at and break at pleasure, are frequently obliged to remain inactive spectators of the capture of these vessels, and the cruelty exercised on their miserable crews: whilst Malta, on the contrary, no sooner receives intelligence of the appearance of a

corsair, than vessels are instantly dispatched in pursuit; and if they come up with her they seize on all the prizes which she has taken, and give liberty to the slaves. The American, Russian, Swedish, and Prussian merchantmen, are equally assured of the protection of the order. This, indeed, is granted them as a matter of right: but it has not even been refused to its most cruel persecutors; whose merchantmen have been retaken by the knights, and restored to their owners, and the crews released from slavery.

Those who are acquainted with the different powers of Barbary, the nature of their government, and their means of defence, must necessarily smile at the various plans formed to destroy them. Few places in Europe, at this present time, are so well fortified towards the sea as Algiers: the sovereign can at any time raise fifty thousand men, six or seven thousand of whom are excellent soldiers, and the rest would immediately march, and greatly annoy any troops who should attempt to land on his territories. All the neighbouring states would likewise unite to make war against any Christians who should venture to attack him in his own dominions; and, sooner or later, an European army laying siege to the capital must inevitably perish at the foot of the ramparts. Nay, even were it possible to succeed, a conquest of such a nature would never be preserved without sacrificing numbers of troops; since the climate of Africa is still more inimical to an European, than the scymitar of the Mussul-

man, or the balls and arrows of the Arabs and Moors.

People of a more moderate way of thinking, who are well acquainted with the difficulty of taking such a variety of forts extending the whole length of the coast of Barbary, and the much greater one of establishing colonies in those countries, are still of opinion, that nothing could be more easy than to block up their ports; but they do not consider, that, independent of the considerable squadron which must always be maintained to preserve a coast extending from the straits of Gibraltar to Egypt, the navigation is well known by seamen to be particularly dangerous. Even the nations which have been regarded as the most formidable at sea, have no longer any rowing vessels; and the Mediterranean being subject to flat calms which frequently last several days, the best disciplined fleet would be of small avail against galliots and half-galliots rowing four or five knots an hour, and only drawing six feet water.

Were it even possible to carry such a plan into execution, it could never take place without the unanimous consent of all the Christian powers; and this, their different political and commercial interests must ever prevent. Such an agreement could never be lasting; since it must infallibly be broken the moment war was declared between any of the parties. Malta then is the only power which can continually and indiscriminately pursue all Barbary corsairs; since she is constantly at peace with every

Christian state, and can never be induced from either political or commercial motives to form an alliance with the powers of Africa. Though France and Venice entered into an agreement with the order, that its squadron should not enter the Levant and Adriatic, it was only because those two powers refused to admit corsairs of any description into their latitude. They, however, never objected to the ships of Malta pursuing any Barbary vessels which had taken shelter in those seas : and from the moment a Christian power went to war with the Turks, this convention with France and Venice was broken ; because the order then became their ally, and accompanied them in all their expeditions.

Were the cause of the knights and Maltese people to be pleaded, and their right to return to their former situation to be discussed, in a court actuated by motives of justice and humanity, it would undoubtedly soon be decided. My most ardent wishes are, that this may be the case, notwithstanding the intrigues and false reasoning of the politicians of the present day, who, intoxicated with the success of their armies, mistake the real interest of their country, to which they cruelly and wantonly sacrifice the peace and happiness of their fellow-creatures.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

*Of the late*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, ESQ.

*By Mrs. Barbauld.*

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 245.)

RICHARDSON was not one of those who make genius an excuse for idleness. He had been diligent and conscientious as an apprentice, he was assiduous and liberal as a master. Besides the proper work of a printer, he did a good deal of business for the booksellers, in writing for them indexes, prefaces, and, as he stiles them, honest dedications. These humble employments tended to facilitate to him the use and management of the pen. Mr. Richardson's punctuality, and the honour and generosity of his dealings, soon gained him friends, and his business greatly flourished. He printed for a while the *True Briton*, a periodical paper, published in 1723, under the auspices of the Duke of Wharton, who, at that time, was endeavouring to foment a spirit of opposition in the city; and, to gain popularity, became a member of the wax-chandlers' company. Richardson, though his principles were very different, was intimate with him, as was also, in early life, Dr. Young. Some of the numbers of the *True Briton* were prosecuted; but Mr. R. escaped, as his name did not appear. He was engaged some time in printing a newspaper, called *The Daily Journal*, and afterwards, *The Daily Gazetteer*. Through the interest of

the speaker, Mr. Onslow, he had the printing of the Journals of the House of Commons, in twenty-six volumes, folio. Mr. Onslow had a great regard for him, and often received him at his house in Ember-Court. Polite regards are sometimes more easily obtained than money from the court end of the town; Mr. R. did not find this branch of his business the one which yielded him the quickest returns. He thus writes to his friend Aaron Hill: "As to my silence, I have been at one time exceedingly busy in getting ready some volumes of journals, to entitle myself to a payment which yet I never had, no, not to the value of a shilling, though the debt is upwards of three thousand pounds, and though I have pressed for it, and been excessively pressed for the want of it."

He was chosen master of his company, an office which, in the stationers' company, is not only honourable but lucrative, in 1754; on which occasion, one of his friends tells him, that though he did not doubt his going very well through every other part of the duty, he feared his habitual abstemiousness would allow him to make but a very poor figure at the city feasts. His indulgencies were not of the sensual kind—he had, according to the salutary custom of the London citizens, a country residence; first, at North-End, near Hammer-smith, and afterwards, at Parson's-Green, where he spent the time he could spare from business, and seldom without visitors. He loved to encourage diligence and early-rising

amongst his journeymen, and often hid a half-crown amongst the letters, so that the first who came to work in a morning might find it. At other times, he brought, for the same purpose, fruit from his garden.

Mr. R. was twice married: his first wife was Allington Wilde, his master's daughter: she died in 1731. His second was the sister of Mr. James Leake, bookseller at Bath, with whom he always maintained a very friendly intercourse: this lady survived him. Of his family, history, and the many wounds his affectionate nature received in the loss of those dear to him, he thus speaks, in a letter to Lady Bradshaw, who had been pleading against a melancholy termination to *Clarissa*:

"Ah! madam; and do you thus call upon me!—Forgive an interrupting sigh, and allow me a short abruption.

"I told you, madam, that I have been married twice; both times happily: you will guess so, as to my first, when I tell you that I cherish the memory of my lost wife to this hour; and as to the second, when I assure you that I can do so without derogating from the merits of or being disallowed by my present; who speaks of her, on all occasions, as respectfully and affectionately as I do myself.

"By my first wife, I had five sons and one daughter; some of them living to be delightful prattlers, with all the appearances of sound health, lively in their features and promising as to their minds; and the death of one of them, I doubt, accelerating, from grief, that of the

otherwise laudably afflicted mother. I have had by my present wife five girls and one boy: I have buried of these the promising boy and one girl: four girls I have living, all at present very good; their mother a true and instructing mother to them.

"Thus have I lost six sons (all my sons) and two daughters, every one of which, to answer your question, I parted with with the utmost regret. Other heavy deprivations of friends, very near and very dear, have I also suffered. I am very susceptible, I will venture to say, of impressions of this nature. A father, an honest, a worthy, father, I lost by the accident of a broken thigh, snapped by a sudden jirk, endeavouring to recover a slip, passing through his own yard: my father, whom I attended in every stage of his last illness, I long mourned for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I lost abroad. A friend more valuable than most brothers was taken from me. No less than eleven affecting deaths in two years! My nerves were so affected with these repeated blows, that I have been forced, after trying the whole materia medica and consulting many physicians, as the only palliative (not a remedy to be expected), to go into a regimen; and for seven years past have I forborne wine and flesh and fish; and, at this time, I and all my family are in mourning for a good sister, with whom neither I would have parted, could I have had my choice. From these affecting dispensations, will you not allow me, madam, to remind an unthinking world, immersed in pleasures, what

a life this is that they are so fond of, and to arm them against the affecting changes of it?"

Severely tried as he was, he had yet great comfort in his family. His daughters grew up under his tuition, amiable and worthy: they were carefully educated, and engaged his fondest affections. It is remarkable that his daughter Anne, whose early ill health had often excited his apprehensions, was the last survivor of the family. They were all much employed in writing for him, and transcribing his letters; but his chief amanuensis was his daughter Martha.

In addition to his other business, Mr. Richardson purchased, in 1760, a moiety of the patent of law printer to his majesty; which department of his business he carried on in partnership with Miss Catherine Lintot. From all these sources, he was enabled to make that comfortable provision for a rising family which patient industry, judiciously directed, will, generally, in this country, enable a man to procure.

But the genius of Richardson was not destined to be for ever employed in ushering into the world the productions of others. Neither city feasts and honours, nor printing law books and acts of parliament, nor the cares of a family and the management of so large a concern of business, could quench the spark that glowed within him, or hinder the lovely ideas that played about his fancy from being cloathed in words and produced to captivate the public ear. The printer in Salisbury-Court was to create a

new species of writing: his name was to be familiar in the mouths of the great, the witty, and the gay, and he was destined to give one motive more to the rest of Europe to learn the language of his country. The early fondness of Mr. Richardson for epistolary writing has already been mentioned, as also that he employed his pen occasionally for the booksellers. They desired him to give them a volume of Familiar Letters, upon a variety of supposed occasions. He began; but, letter producing letter, like John Bunyan, "as he pulled, it came;" till, unexpected to himself, the result was his *History of Pamela*. His account of it is as follows: "The writing it, then, was owing to the following occasion: Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. Will it be any harm, said I, in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite? They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume for this hint. I set about it, and, in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story recurred to my thought; and hence sprung *Pamela*. This volume of letters is not worthy of your perusal. I laid aside several letters after I had written them for

this volume, as too high for the view of my two friends."

This was written, (it was then only in two volumes) in three months. The idea he set out with of writing letters for rather the lower class, probably determined him for the station of his heroine, and the simplicity of her language.

The author's object in *Pamela* is two-fold: to reclaim a libertine by the influence of virtuous affection, and to conduct virtue safe and triumphant through the severest trials, to an honorable reward. For this purpose, *Pamela*, a young girl, born of poor, but pious and worthy parents, taken by a lady of fashion to wait upon her person, and brought up by her with great tenderness and attention to her improvement, is, after the lady's death, at which event the story opens, exposed to the solicitations of her youthful master, the only son of her benefactress. The story is carried on by letters, chiefly between *Pamela* and her father and mother. Her youth and innocence render her, for some time, unsuspecting of the passion she has inspired; and, when she can no longer misunderstand the purposes of her master, she prepares to leave his house, but he detains her under various pretences, and attempts liberties with her person, which she resists with firmness, as well as his pecuniary offers; though not disinclined to his person, and though she has no resource, on the supposition of leaving him, but to return to hard country labour. Her behaviour is all the while full of humility and

respect to her master, in every instance consistent with the defence of her honour. Her master, who, though young, is a practised libertine, finding her protected by the watchful advice of her parents, and by the care of a virtuous housekeeper, who had belonged to his mother, determines to convey her to a place where she shall be entirely in his power. Under pretence, therefore, of sending her home to her parents, he has her conveyed to another of his seats, where she is absolutely confined under the guardianship of an abandoned woman, whose office it has been to minister to his pleasures. The poor Pamela forms many schemes to get away, and endeavours, by means of a young clergyman, to engage some of the families of the neighbourhood in her favour, but without effect. She then endeavours to escape alone, and actually gets through a barred window into the garden, from whence she hopes to escape into the fields, though ignorant of any one who will receive her; but she falls, and bruises herself in attempting to get over the high brick wall. Her sufferings in this attempt are affectingly described. Finding all her schemes abortive, she is greatly tempted to free herself from the danger of dishonour, by throwing herself into the pond, but considerations of piety at length prevail, and she determines to trust to Providence. Her master, at length, after many ineffectual attempts to vanquish her resistance, begins to relent, professes honourable love to her; and, after a severe struggle between his passion and his pride of birth and fortune, offers

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her his hand in marriage. Pamela acknowledges her love for him, and accepts (almost upon her knees it must be allowed) his proposal. Difficulties remain to be got over with Lady Davers, a proud and termagant woman of quality, sister to Mr. B. but the sweetness and prudence of Pamela overcome her dislike, and the whole concludes with the perfect happiness of the wedded pair.

Such is the outline of this first work of our author, which was published in 1740. It was received with a burst of applause from all ranks of people. The novelty of the plan, the strokes of nature and pathos with which the work abounds, the simplicity of the language, the sentiments of piety and virtue that are brought forward, took at once the taste of the public. Numberless were the compliments Mr. Richardson received upon it, as soon as he was known to be the author, for in the publication he only assumed the character of editor, and that not by name. He had earnestly wished, he said, to be concealed; probably he did, till its reception was known. All that read were his readers. Even at Ranelagh, those who remember the publication say, that it was usual for ladies to hold up the volumes of Pamela to one another, to shew they had got the book that every one was talking of. The tendency of this novel was held to be so excellent, that it was recommended by Dr. Sloccock, even from the pulpit. The friends of the author were lavish, not to say extravagant, in their compliments, and he received spontaneous eulogiums

from many of the first authors of the age. Mr. Leake thus writes of Mr. Allen and Mr. Pope: Mr. Pope says, "it will do more good than many volumes of sermons; I have heard them both very high in its praises, and they will not bear any faults to be mentioned in the story; I believe they have read it twice a-piece at least; I believe Mr. Pope will call on you." Mr. Chetwynd says, "that if all other books were to be burnt, this book, next to the bible, ought to be preserved." Mr. Lobb talks of bringing up his son to be virtuous, by giving him Pamela as soon as he could read, a choice of books for a youth which we, at present, should be very much surprised at; and Mr. Lucas, the esteemed author of the Search after Happiness, thus writes: "I am informed that the author of Pamela, (the best book ever published, and calculated to do most good) is one Mr. Richardson, Printer. I think it a piece of common justice, to shew my regard to this common benefactor of mankind, by making him a tender of my best services. Accordingly being about to publish a volume of sermons, I take the liberty of making him the offer of them." It was immediately translated into French and Dutch.

The fame of this once favourite work is now somewhat tarnished by time, as well as eclipsed by the author's subsequent publications; but the enthusiasm with which it was received, shews incontrovertably, that a *novel* written on the side of virtue was considered as a new experiment.

Appreciating it at this distance of time, we

must acknowledge that the faults are great, but the beauties are genuine. The character of Pamela, so long as her sole object was to resist her master's attempts, is beautifully drawn, with many affecting incidents, and little strokes of nature. Her innocent prattle to Mrs. Jervis, the rustic dress in which she equips herself, when determined to leave her place, her stealing down to the kitchen to try if she could scour the pewter, in order to accustom herself to coarse household work—"I see I could do it," says she, "it only blistered my hand in two places;" the sudden spring she gives on seeing her father, by which she overturns the card-table, and the affecting account of her sufferings on attempting to make her escape, are all worthy of a master-hand. There are not many under-characters in this work; the most pleasing, and perhaps the best sustained, of the whole, are those of Goodman Andrews and his wife, Pamela's father and mother. It would not be easy to find a prettier picture of low life, and of true English low life, in its most respectable garb; made respectable by strict honesty, humility, patience of labour, and domestic affection; the whole rendered saintly and venerable by a touching air of piety and resignation, which pervades all their sentiments. The behaviour of the old man when he walks to Mr. B's to enquire after his child; and his humble grief is truly pathetic. The language of the good couple is simple, without being vulgar. It is not the simplicity of Arcadian shepherds: it is such as people in low life, with the delicacy

of a virtuous mind, might fall into without any other advantages than a bible education. It is the simplicity of an English cottage. Mrs. Jervis, the virtuous house-keeper, is well-intentioned, grateful, but timid. The other, Mrs. Jewkes, is drawn in coarse but natural colours. The pride and passion of Lady Davers are strongly drawn, some may think, perhaps too strongly, for a lady of her fashion; but we every now and then see instances in which nature will get the better of the decorums of life, and one of Richardson's correspondents tells him he could find him half a dozen Lady Davers's (her wit excepted) amongst his quality acquaintance.

His *Grandison* was published in 1753.—While it was in the press, an affair happened which gave him great disgust and vexation, and considerably injured his well-earned property. This was the piracy of the Dublin booksellers. The printing Irish editions from published books, however it might prejudice an author, was not forbid by any law, though it was illegal to vend them in England. But, at least, the author's edition had so much the start of any other, as made it worth-while for a Dublin bookseller to purchase his concurrence. But these men bribed the servants of Richardson to steal the sheets while they were under the press. They broke open the place where they were kept, as he says, under lock and key; sent over what was prepared for publication, which was about half the work, and came out with a cheap edition of several of the volumes, before the

author's English one; and almost all the Dublin booksellers concurred in this atrocious act of robbery. Faulkner, who was the author's agent for his own edition, seems to have acted like the dog in the story, who, being set to defend a basket of meat, his master's property, which was attacked by a number of other dogs, kept them off for some time with great vigilance, but finding that one snatched a piece, and another snatched a piece, abandoned the defence; and, since he could not keep off the depredators, resolved to come in for his share. Richardson sent his own edition to be sold there at a reduced price, but they were resolved to undersell him, and for what he did sell he could not get the money. His friends in Dublin expressed great indignation at the behaviour of their countrymen, and endeavoured to serve him in the matter. Many letters passed, but to little purpose. This affair seems to have vexed Richardson to the heart. His reputation was at the highest, the sale of his works sure, and he reasonably expected to reap the profit of it. Notwithstanding, however, those disappointments which people in business are liable to meet with, Mr. Richardson's assiduity and success was gradually encreasing his fortune. In the year 1755 he was engaged in building, both in town and in country. In the country he removed from North End to Parsons Green, where he fitted up a house. In town he took a range of old houses, eight in number, which he pulled down, and built an extensive and commodious range of warehouses and printing-

offices. It was still in Salisbury-court, in the north-west corner, and it is at present concealed by other houses from common observation. The dwelling-house, it seems, was neither so large nor so airy as the one he quitted; and, therefore, the reader will not be so ready, probably, as Mr. Richardson seems to have been, in accusing his wife of perverseness, in not liking the new habitation so well as the old. "Every body (he says) is more pleased with what I have done than my wife." Two years after, he married his daughter Mary (the only one married in his life-time) to Mr. Ditcher, a respectable surgeon at Bath. He now allowed himself some relaxation from business; and only attended from time to time, his printing-offices in London. He often regretted, that he had only females to whom to transfer his business; however, he had taken in to assist him a nephew, who relieved him from the more burdensome cares of it, and who eventually succeeded him. He now had leisure, had he had health, to enjoy his reputation, his prosperous circumstances, his children and his friends; but, alas! leisure purchased by severe application, often comes too late to be enjoyed; and, in a worldly, as well as in a religious sense,

—————When we find  
The key of life, it opens to the grave.

His nervous disorders increased upon him, and his valuable life was at length terminated by a stroke of an apoplexy, on the 4th of July,

1761, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried, by his own direction, near his first wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church.

In the latter part of his life, he was rarely seen among his workmen, sometimes not twice in a year, and, even when he was in town, gave his directions by little notes. His principal workman was hard of hearing; and Richardson felt a nervous irritation, which made it not easy for him to bear any thing of hurry or personal altercation.

His will shews the same equitable, friendly, and beneficent disposition, which was apparent in his life; legacies to a tribe of relations, to whom, it appears, he had given little pensions during his life; one third of his fortune to his wife, and the rest to be divided equally among his daughters; recommending, however, his daughter Anne to her mother's peculiar care, from the weak state of her health and spirits. Yet this object of his tender anxiety was the survivor of the whole family. She is said to have possessed "an excellent and cultivated understanding, true piety, sensibility, resignation, and strength of mind."

His daughter Martha was married in 1762, to Edward Bridgen, Esq. and Sarah to Mr. Crowther, surgeon, of Boswell-court. Mrs. Richardson survived her husband twelve years.

## HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF D—Y,

*Related by Mr Hughes, in his "Tour through the Western Provinces of France."*

(Continued from p. 237.)

DURING the interval betwixt their capture in the fields and the decease of M. D — y, an attachment having been formed betwixt one of his daughters and his nephew, Monsieur P. D—, whom he had received from the earliest infancy and pronounced an adopted son, the nuptial day was fixed, the bridal ornaments were purchased, every thing was ready, they waited alone for the return of F——s from Italy, where he had been appointed comptroller-general of the French army in that quarter. It was a father's request. It was but three weeks more, and the saviour of his family would attend to give new joy, to add fresh zest to the pleasures of the nuptial day. Unhappy father! thy cup of misery was not full! one cruel thrust more awaited thy bleeding heart! The harassed mind of Victoire, tormented by the memory of the numberless untoward accidents which had crossed her path, and harrassed by the gloomy apprehension of others yet in store, could sustain itself no longer; she sunk down upon her bed; delirium presently followed; every effort to reclaim her scattered senses proved unavailing. For a few days, she continued calling for her husband, pressing him to her burning bosom, and utterly rejecting both food and medicine but when administered by his



hand. Exhausted nature at length gave up the conflict; and, upon the bosom on which she had fondly hoped to repose her head in all the soft delight of conjugal affection, she breathed her last! The unhappy P—gazed for a moment upon the lifeless corpse of her he loved in unutterable anguish; then uttered a cry as though his heart was rending, and rushed madly out of the house—it was impossible for him to return. He mounted his horse, and sought what, alas! it was unable to give him in the house of their common friend, F—s; and here, as soon as possible, the weeping family followed him. Her remains, and the remains of another sister since dead, have been removed, on the sale of the churches, from the annexed burying-ground, and are deposited in the garden at B—le. A simple monument of black marble, surrounded by mournful cypress and overshadowed by the weeping willow, points out the spot.

This painful stroke *seems*, however, to have been the winding up and consummation of their sorrows (but for the death of Monsieur D—y, which was yet reserved for them)—the last arrow in the quiver of adversity. Heaven grant it may! it is mournful, it is fatal, to virtue when we see it thus afflicted, forsaken, abandoned to calamity and distress. We perceive the wisdom, the propriety, of the decision, when the swift vengeance of eternal equity overtakes the proud oppressor, and hurls his glory to the ground—we bow with adoring reverence, and are confirmed in our pious purpose to make the attributes of the Divinity the model of our lives!

But when excellence, almost divine, is deserted ; when, bending beneath the pressure of triumphant wickedness, it turns it's imploring eyes towards the sky ; when it bathes the feet of the Eternal with it's tears, and from day to day sues, but sues in vain, for pity, for comfort, for deliverance ; then we are not to wonder that the feeble mind faints ; we must drink deep as Job in the divine oracles, or be dejected and cast down when our hope is thus miserably shipwrecked !

At Sablé, the promise seems to have been fulfilled—" that He who breaks us will bind us up again." The unhappy P— received every kind attention which the tenderest sympathy could pay him : they all felt for themselves, despoiled of a member of their little circle almost adored ; but they felt infinitely more for him ; and the testimonies of their affection were of a complexion which, in an age like the present, will be almost considered romantic ; but these must not be mentioned yet.

In their visit to F——s and the unhappy youth who had flown to him in the paroxysm of his distress, they were attended by a young man of polished manners, fine figure, and good fortune, who had come from Paris to mingle his tears with their's, and to weep over the remains of the hapless Victoire. He had been some time since introduced into the family, and the intimacy betwixt him and Mons. D——y was so evidently cordial, that it was concluded a matter beyond doubt that the old gentleman had fixed upon him for a son-in-law. The con-

sequence was as might have been expected; one of the young ladies became strongly attached to him: she avowed it to her mother; who, seeing no substantial objection to the match, took the opportunity, as soon as they were retired for the night, to mention it to Mons. D——y. He replied, "It would not do; Mons. La M—— was not a man of family;" and begged he might hear no more of it.

In the morning, the conversation was detailed to the enamoured daughter, who justly observed, that "in the then existing state of affairs, family was a misfortune; that it would have been much better for them had they not been noble." Madame D——y felt the force of the observation, and accordingly the following evening renewed the conversation with her husband, mentioning what Miss D——y had said; but the old gentleman cut the business short in a moment, seizing his pillow like Mr. Shandy as he turned round, by declaring in the most peremptory manner—"It must not, cannot, be." Madame D——y perceived immediately that there was some mystery, not the want of family, at the bottom of this business; and P. D——y being at that time at Paris, she wrote to him, requesting him to investigate as much as possible who Mons. La M——e was, and what were his family and connections, mentioning the circumstances already detailed. Being upon terms of the most undisguised intimacy with La M——e, P. D——y instantly appealed to himself; and, after a considerable struggle, received for answer, "It

must not, cannot, be, because the brother cannot marry the sister." It is unnecessary to add, that this answer was given under the sacred bond of secrecy: it was to be confined to his own and the bosom of Madame D —y. Here was light cast upon this obscure and impenetrable business; but how was she to reconcile it with Mons. D——y's known character, who was in fact a man of the strictest moral purity, the most affectionate of fathers and friends? The ray served but to render the darkness darker.

In this state of mysterious uncertainty, things continued when Victoire died, and the whole family came to seek the heart-broken P— at Sablé. During this mournful visit, Mons. D——y and Mons. F——s being walking in the park, the afflicted state of his family led the former to a review of many of the prominent features of his history, which he detailed to his friend. At length, he paused; for a moment he seemed to muse; when snatching Mons. F——'s hand, "But (says he) there is one circumstance which I must divulge to you ere I die: it has long lain heavy upon my heart, and I must request your assistance in opening it to my family. You believe me to be a man of the correctest morals; but look at my grey hairs, and behold my blushes while I confess—that I have"—he stopped—"that I have"—he stopped again; the struggle of his feelings was too powerful for utterance:—"that I have, a son."—A son! exclaimed F— with astonishment. "Yes, a son, replied the

old gentleman ; and La M—— is that son. He was born six months before my marriage with Madame des F——y ; but incapable of abandoning the fruit of youthful indiscretion to want and wretchedness, I attended at his birth. I sealed him with an indelible mark upon each of his arms ; I have visited him in secret ; I have educated him with care and tenderness ; I have established him in business ; and, am happy to add, that all my cares are amply repaid. He is a young man of which the first family in the republic might be proud : for a long time have I sighed for an opportunity to introduce him to my wife and daughters as my son, but the uncertainty which hangs over me compelled me to be silent ; I know not if they would receive him, and rejection would bring me with sorrow to the grave : my daughter's attachment to him however now compels me ; it is indispensable that I now acknowledge him, and meet the worst.—It must be yours to complete your friendship for me by aiding me in this important eclairissement."

Without the smallest hesitation, Mons. F——s undertook the office, though difficult : his delight is to do good ; and to say that the affair was managed by him, is to say that it was adroitly done.

To her eternal honour, Madame D——y flew into the arms of the trembling, hoping La M——e, who had been first apprized of his relationship to the family about a year before—pressed him to her bosom with a mother's fondness ; declared she would consider herself his

mother, and presented him to her daughters as their brother. The daughters caressed him with extacy ; kissed again and again the impression upon his arms, and congratulated one another with the most unaffected joy on having found such a brother ; even she whose fond hope was thus for ever crushed, rushed into his arms exclaiming—" If I may not press him to my breast as my husband, I yet may embrace him as my brother."—And one and all united in declaring that he should share the family name and the family fortune with them.—But here La M——e begged leave to dissent " the name he would receive with joy, and ever account it his highest honour—but nothing more.—His father had before given him an education—to crown the whole, he had now given him a mother and sisters tenderly esteemed and beloved ; and the welcome which they had given him to their hearts was enough—he wanted no more—he would receive no more." The conflict of generosity was animated ; but Madame D——y and the sisters were peremptory and inflexible : in fine, la M—— submitted.

The father's feelings at this exquisite moment were overwhelming — while the tears were chasing one another down the care-ploughed furrows of his countenance.—" My children (cried he, looking upon his daughters) you have blessed indeed your father ; and you Madame (catching Madame D....y in his arms) never have you made me so completely happy as in this moment." A deed was immediately drawn

up and executed by them all, adopting him as a son and a brother.

The developement of the mystery was of too exquisite a cast for a breaking heart to bear!—the tide of bliss which rushed in upon the family absolutely overwhelmed, once more, the unhappy P——. He silently withdrew from the saloon: “Oh what would have been the emotions of his beloved Victoire had she been permitted to see this happy day!—Oh, with what unfeigned joy would she not have participated in her sister’s delight!—What would have been their feelings as hand-in-hand they stepped forward to receive a brother to their arms!” He was presently missed by the joyous circle; their pleasures could not render them forgetful of another’s sorrows—they divined the cause of his retirement, and immediately sought for him, wishing to divert his melancholy, and to warm his benighted soul in the rays of the sun-shine which were just risen upon them: alas! they knew not what were his feelings—they found him in the garden pacing the ground with unequal broken steps, turning his reproachful glances towards the sky—his eyes streaming with tears—his heart sobbing with unutterable anguish. For wounds like his there is no cure but sympathy and indulgence—joy—nay more, even consolation is poison till time has abraded the keen sense of suffering, and patience allayed the tempest! They mingled their tears once more together; it was all that they could do. The heavy laden

heart was soothed, but to join the party was impossible.

Having conducted him to his apartment this amiable group of females returned to the saloon:—but what a group! such a rare assemblage of worth but seldom exhibits itself to the eyes of mortals; one would almost suppose that it were a celestial convoy come down “on errands full of love” “to bind up the broken-hearted,” to repair the wrongs which Mr. D——y had suffered from his ungrateful countrymen, and bless the going down of his evening sun!—Their hearts were heavy; P——s’ anguish had carried them back to Victoire’s dying bed—they wept for her, and they wept for him: the happy, happy father was waiting their return. “Unhappy P——s! (exclaims one of them as she entered) he has lost his wife! he has lost his every thing on earth! but let us do whatever is possible to mitigate his sufferings; it is the only method of expressing our attachment to her which now remains. You had promised, Sir, to associate him with you in the business; O let him be associated still, and let the fortune you had promised be paid him still.” One and all united in the request. The venerable pair wept again with joy—they had never seen generosity like this before, and felt justly proud of such daughters!—“It shall be so, my children (sobs the delighted D——y); he shall receive his destined wife’s portion, and he shall instantly be made a partner in the house; and happy shall I be if, when time



shall soften his anguish, and Clemence be marriageable, he can fix the heart upon her which was once Victoire's!"

One thing only is now wanting farther to render us all (exclaims another) as completely happy as it is possible under the present circumstances to be.—“ You recollect, Sir, the fortune of my sister Le C — was paid in assignats—those assignats are now become worth nothing: it is our united request that her fortune be paid her anew in hard cash, and each of us will joyfully bear her proportion of the loss!” To requests like these it was impossible to withhold consent. The instrument which acknowledged La M——e as a brother and a son, was no sooner executed, than the notary was commanded to prepare others to the effect above-mentioned, which were instantly executed; and the countenance of each of these almost angelic females beamed with more than human sweetness as she took the pen with which she signed her dereliction of so large a portion of her inheritance!

Humanity never shone in brighter colours than on this memorable day.—a day which lifted a burden more weighty than a mill-stone from D —y's heart; which gave to his wife just the son she would have sought of heaven.—a brother to her daughters.—to P—— D——y and to Madame Le C ——k tokens of friendship and affection most softly soothing—richer than the minds of Potosi.—more estimable than all the gems of Golconda! Never before in this

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cold-blooded money-calculating world have I met aught so noble, aught so divine !

My introduction to this family not only compensates for all the pains, for all the dangers to which my excursion to the continent has exposed me, it puts me in good humour with my species again, it tells me that it is not totally corrupt, and gives me an anticipation of that sublime excellence to which it will one day I trust be elevated !

The wish of Mons. D — y with regard to P — r and his youngest daughter was cherished by him to the last, but never more publicly hinted ; — alas ! he lived not to see that wish accomplished ; his venerable partner was more happy ! P . . . . r D . . . . y had too much good sense, was too deeply affected by the memory of its kindness to look beyond the family at B — A — ; a family with which monarchs might be proud to ally themselves, while there remained a sister to fill his widowed arms ; and Clemence, as she advanced in years, advancing also in every charm which could engage the affection of a man of sense, seemed to present to him every thing his heart could wish. He offered her his hand ; and she, conscious of his worth, conscious of her family's united wish, accepted it.

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## EPITAPH,

UNDERNEATH A GIBBET OVER A DUNGHILL,

NEAR

HASTINGS, CLOSE BY THE SEA-BEACH.

Underneath this dunghill  
 Is all that remains of a mighty conqueror,  
 NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,  
 Who, with inflexible cruelty of heart, and unexampled  
 depravity of mind,  
 Was permitted to scourge the earth, for a time,  
 With all the horrors of war :  
 Too ignorant and incapable to do good to mankind,  
 The whole force of his mind was employed  
 In oppressing the weak and plundering th' industrious :  
 He was equally detested by all ;  
 His enemies he butchered in cold blood ;  
 And,  
 Fearing to leave incomplete the catalogue of his crimes,  
 His friends he rewarded with a poison'd chalice.  
 He was an epitome  
 Of all that was vicious in the worst of tyrants ;  
 He possessed their cruelty without their talents ;  
 Their madness without their genius ;  
 The baseness of one, and the imbecility of another.  
 Providence at last,  
 Wearied out with his crimes,  
 Return'd him to the dunghill from which he sprung,  
 After having held him forth on the neighbouring  
 Gibbet,  
 As a Scarecrow to the invaders of the British coast.  
 This beach,  
 The only spot in our isle polluted by his footsteps ;  
 This dunghill,  
 All that remains to him of his boasted conquests.

Briton !  
Ere you pass by,  
Kneel and thank your God  
For all the blessings of your glorious constitution ;  
Then return into the peaceful bosom of your family,  
And continue in the practice of those virtues,  
By which your ancestors  
Merited the favor of the Almighty.

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*ROSA.—A TALE.*

**W**HEN the foundation and progress of a story is interesting to the finest feelings of the human heart, there requires but little apology for introducing it to the public eye. The following tale is fraught with some of those melancholy events, in the cause and consequences of which we are all, more or less, concerned.

What afflicts you, my good man ? said I—  
Alas, Sir ! have you seen my child ?—The person who thus answered me, was a poor blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which issued a silver spring ; his bald forehead, robbed of its honours by the iron hand of time—his patched wallet, unconscious of the bounties of Ceres—the beachen staff, on which he rested his debilitated arm—his body that seemed fainting under the pressure of extreme hunger—his sightless eyes, and tremulous voice, altogether struck me with a kind of reverential horror—I looked once more upon the object which had so riveted my amazement, and thought that Providence had deserted one

of her weakest children. The limpid stream that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarsely in unison with the language of distress, as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got off my horse—I pray you inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek? No one, answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head;—he pronounced these last words in a tone which made me think, for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—What, not one, my old friend?—Alas! Sir, my wife and eight children all have deserted me. I am poor, old, and blind; yet I must forgive them: but my daughter, O, my daughter! repeated he, with a deep sigh, that seemed to have escaped from the inmost recesses of his heart. Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man? Ah! good Sir! she is more than a child; she is my friend!—It was she, whom of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries! When did she leave you?—Yesterday, Sir, for the first time. You have not surely been unhappy from your youth? you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual.—The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words:—I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred crowns by the sweat of my brow, which I sud-

denly lost by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital; the pressure of a misfortune, so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me, even the force of Christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless, (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were)---for these ten years I have been praying for my dissolution; many miserable wretches, who are doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over--- You must not lose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy.--- Happy! Ah, dear Sir, circumstanced as I am, even to expect such an event, were presumption.---You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you, in the moments of your complaining. Assistance! I prithee, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of kings give me a ray of light? This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift.---He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then, issuing a woe-fraught sigh, exclaimed, Oh, my daughter!

my dear child ! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist : when I determine to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of hunger---the poor child cries---embraces my nerveless knees---calls me her father---her dear, her honoured father---in a tone of supplication so persuasive and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the intreaties of an angel : and yet she does not return ! Ah, Rosa ! wilt thou leave me here to perish, without the consolation of a last embrace, without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child?---O, my God, dost thou then abandon me !

The awful manner in which he uttered these words, chilled the very pulses of my heart. I lifted my streaming eyes to heaven, and murmured involuntarily, God of Nature, is it possible thou canst have abandoned him !---The poor man thanked me, and I retired, laden with anguish. I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter ; I ran to announce the discovery of her father---I would not have exchanged the commission to have been sovereign of the world. His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy---his daughter arrived out of breath ; she had been far away begging charity for her unhappy father. I looked at the amiable Rosa, with unutterable delight---I thought her countenance was more than human---she uttered the sentiments of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admira-

tion and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving with what undescribable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other---- Oh Rousseau, oh Yorick! if such a scene were to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monuments of death to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa!

Is it thee, my dearest Rosa? is it thee?— said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regard with sympathetic agency— Where art thou Rosa?—let me press thee to my panting heart. You tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me. Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of her parent, and wetted his silver locks with the tears of affection.

I knew my dear child---I well knew that thou wouldst return---come near me, that I may kiss thee once more. You will never desert this old man again, Rosa, but watch by his side, to soften the pangs of affliction. Ah, Sir, replied the lovely girl, do you not know---What, Rosa?---That he is--my FATHER!....What a sentiment!---Could volumes express more?

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MEMOIRS  
OF  
THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(Written by Lord Teignmouth.)

THIS nobleman has lately published some very interesting particulars of the Life of the late illustrious Sir William Jones: from which we shall occasionally take an extract for the entertainment of our readers.

After giving some account of the parents of Sir William Jones, the author proceeds to state the plan of instruction adopted by his mother for him, in which she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind insensibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curiosity, and directing it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics of conversation, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, *read, and you will know*; a maxim, to the observance of which he always acknowledged himself indebted for his future attainments. By this method, his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and such was her talent of instruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, distinctly and rapidly, any English book. She particularly attended at the same time to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakespeare, and the best of Gay's Fables.

If, from the subsequent eminence of Sir William Jones, any general conclusion should be eagerly drawn in favour of early tuition, we must not forget to advert to the uncommon talents both of the pupil and the teacher.

In common cases, premature instruction has often been found to retard, rather than accelerate, the progress of the intellectual faculties; and the success of it so much depends upon the judgment of the tutor, and the capacity of the scholar, upon the skill of the one, as well as upon the disposition and powers of the other, that it is impossible to prescribe a general rule, when instruction ought to begin, or a general mode, by which it should be conveyed; the determination in both cases must be left to the discretion of parents who ought to be the most competent to decide.

In this year of his life, Jones providentially escaped from two accidents, one of which had nearly proved fatal to his sight, the other to his life. Being left alone in a room, in attempting to scrape some soot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames: his cries brought the servants to his assistance, and he was preserved with some difficulty; but his face, neck, and arms were much burnt. A short time afterwards when his attendants were putting on his cloaths, which were imprudently fastened with hooks, he struggled, either in play, or in some childish pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By due care,

under the directions of Dr. Mead, whose friendship with his family continued unabated after his father's death, the wound was healed ; but the eye was so much weakened, that the sight of it ever remained imperfect.

His propensity to reading which had begun to display itself, was for a time checked by these accidents ; but the habit was acquired, and after his recovery he indulged it without restraint, by perusing eagerly any books that came in his way, and with an attention proportioned to his ability to comprehend them. In his fifth year, as he was one morning turning over the leaves of a bible in his mother's closet, his attention was forcibly arrested by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression which his imagination received from it was never effaced. At a period of mature judgment he considered the passage as equal in sublimity to any in the inspired writers, and far superior to any that could be produced from mere human compositions ; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture which he felt, when he first read it. In his sixth year, by the assistance of a friend, he was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin grammar, and he committed some passages of it to memory ; but the dull elements of a new language having nothing to captivate his childish attention, he made little progress in it ; nor was he encouraged to perseverance by his mother, who, intending him for a public education, was unwilling to perplex his mind with the study of a dead lan-

guage, before he had acquired a competent knowledge of his native tongue.

At Michaelmas 1753, in the close of his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow School, of which the worthy and amiable Dr. Thackeray was then head-master. The amusements and occupations of a school-boy are of little importance to the public; yet it cannot be uninteresting or uninstrucive, to trace the progress of a youth of genius and abilities, from his earliest efforts to that proficiency in universal literature which he afterwards attained. During the two first years of his residence at Harrow, he was rather remarked for diligence and application, than for the superiority of his talents, or the extent of his acquisitions; and his attention was almost equally divided between his books and a little garden, the cultivation and embellishment of which occupied all his leisure hours. His faculties however necessarily gained strength by exercise; and during his school vacations, the sedulity of a fond parent was without intermission exerted to improve his knowledge of his own language. She also taught him the rudiments of drawing, in which she excelled.

In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a scramble with his school-fellows, and this accident detained him from school twelve months. After his relief from pain, however, the period of his confinement was not suffered to pass in indolence; his mother was his constant companion, and amused him daily with the perusal of such En-

glish books, as she deemed adapted to his taste and capacity. The juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's Translation of the *Æneid*, afforded him incessant delight, and excited his poetical talents, which displayed themselves in the composition of verses in imitation of his favorite authors. But his progress in classical learning, during this interval, was altogether suspended; for although he might have availed himself of the proffered instruction of a friend, in whose house he resided, to acquire the rudiments of Latin, he was then so unable to comprehend its utility, and had so little relish for it, that he was left unrestrained to pursue his juvenile occupations and amusements; and the little which he had gained in his two first years, was nearly lost in the third.

On his return to school, he was however placed in the same class which he would have attained, if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. He was of course far behind his fellow-labourers of the same standing, who erroneously ascribed his insufficiency to laziness or dulness, while the master who had raised him to a situation above his powers, required exertions of which he was incapable, and corporal punishment and degradation were applied, for the non-performance of tasks, which he had never been instructed to furnish. But in truth he far excelled his school-fellows in general, both in diligence and quickness of apprehension; nor was he of a temper to submit to imputations, which he knew to be unmerited. Punishment failed to produce the intend-

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ed effect ; but his emulation was roused. He devoted himself incessantly to the perusal of various elementary treatises, which had never been explained nor even recommended to him ; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with such skill and success, that in a few months he not only recovered the station from which he had been degraded, but was at the head of his class : his compositions were correct, his analysis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise. He voluntarily extended his studies beyond the prescribed limits, and by solitary labour, having acquired a competent knowledge of the rules of prosody, he composed verses in imitation of Ovid, a task, which had never been required from any of the students in the lower school at Harrow.

The behaviour of the master to Jones, made an impression on his mind which he ever remembered with abhorrence. Little doubt can be entertained, that he might have been stimulated to equal exertions, if encouragement had been substituted for severity, and instruction for disgrace. The accumulation of punishment for his inability to soar, before he had been taught to fly (I use his own expression) might have rendered the feelings callous ; and a sense of the injustice attending the infliction of it, was calculated to destroy the respect due to magisterial authority, and its influence over the scholar. It is a material and perhaps unavoidable defect in the system of education at public schools, that the necessity of regulating

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instruction by general rules, must often preclude that attention to the tempers and capacities of individuals, by which their attainments might be essentially promoted.

In his twelfth year, Jones was moved into the upper school. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable instance: his school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play; and at his recommendation they fixed upon the *Tempest*: as it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them so correctly from memory, that they acted it with great satisfaction to themselves, and with considerable entertainment to the spectators. He performed the character of Prospero.

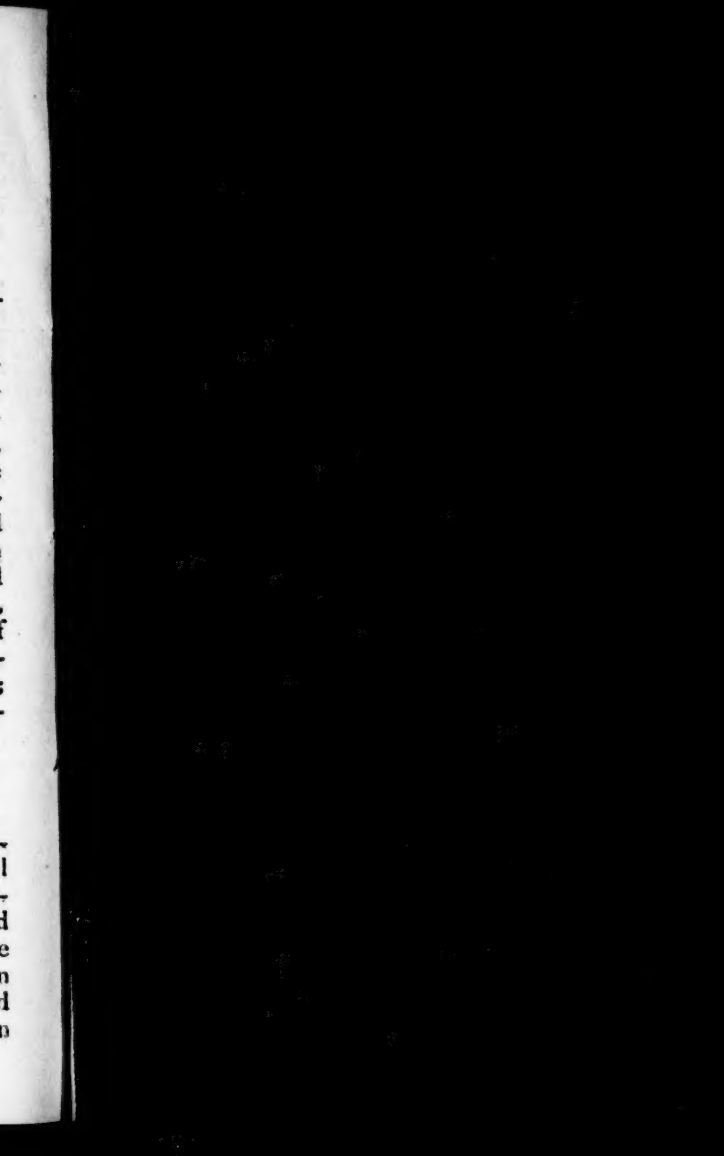
His diligence increased with his advancement in the school: he now entered upon the study of the Greek tongue, the characters of which he had already learned for his amusement. His genius and assiduity were also displayed in various compositions, not required by the discipline of the school. He translated into English verse several of the epistles of Ovid, all the pastorals of Virgil, and composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleagar, which he denominated a tragedy: and it was acted during the vacation, by some of his school-fellows, with whom he was most intimate. In his own play he performed the part of the hero.

In the usual recreations of his school-fellows at Harrow, Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amusement he generally devoted to improvement.

following anecdote strongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impression made by his studies. He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school fellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader; and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus:

*Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei.*

Dr. Thackeray retired from the superintendence of the school at Harrow, when his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. It was a singular trait in the character of this good man and respectable tutor, that he never applauded the best compositions of his scholars, from a notion which he had adopted, that praise only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion





which he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.

*(To be continued.)*

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*For the Monthly Visitor.*

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ON NATURAL RELIGION.

“**T**HAT there is a God, the poet says, all nature cries aloud,” for the heavens declare his glory, the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. And an inspired apostle remarks, that “the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.” It seems exceeding strange therefore, that any should contend for atheism, when the works of nature prove clearly the existence of a supreme Being. Reverence appears necessary when his power and greatness are considered; for how were it possible that the planetary systems, as well as the earth on which we dwell, could have been created without the intervention of an almighty Agent? In contemplating universal nature we perceive infinite wisdom displayed: not only in objects of magnificence, but in the minutest insect. Mercy and goodness are conspicuous in the revolving seasons. In winter’s cold, as well as sum-

mer's heat, the divine Being opens his liberal hand, and "fills all things living with plenteousness." The mountains and hills, as well as the vallies, display his magnificence.

As soon as reason dawns, the Creator leaves himself not without tokens of his parental care; for he imperceptibly opens the understanding, and shews himself more attentive to our real welfare, than we ourselves. The influence of bad principles may injure the native goodness of the mind, but still the rays of duty are not withholden from ungrateful men. That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of our poets have said, for we are also his offspring. To pay adoration therefore to him is natural, and implies that we are not lost to his abundant goodness. The whole universe is his august temple, in which all his rational creatures are to worship him, for we are informed, that the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me? saith the Lord: or what is the place of my rest? hath not my hand made all these things? If our minds be thus directed to the Supreme Being, we shall see his perfections in all his works; and we shall not fail to speak of his goodness to the children of men.

We shall exclaim with devout admiration—How great is his goodness! how great is his beauty! When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars,

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which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him! We shall likewise investigate his works; for if the works of man be brought to great perfection in the present day, and we admire them, how much more should we admire the works of the Almighty? We are therefore indebted to a number of our countrymen for their researches into natural productions, and the British and Leveanean museums do them great credit. Navigation has assisted natural history, and brings to our isle the productions of foreign countries in rich abundance.

Modern writers are productive of much good to the community, and Dr. Paley's Natural Theology is of essential service to the rising generation, as it compresses the materials of many writers into a small compass. There is great pleasure as well as utility in contemplating the beauties of universal nature. We cannot behold the variety of birds and animals, without admiration of their wise Creator, and even the flies, minerals, and fossils almost overpower our imaginations, so that with devout astonishment we exclaim, great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty. "In these thy lowest works, yet, these declare thy goodness beyond thought and power divine!"

The language of a devout writer may well conclude the present essay. It is thus: "O great Author of all things, Parent of life, and supreme Governor of the world, we discover thee in thy works! Dark clouds rest upon thy hallowed and inaccessible habitation: but

beams of glory, darted from the eternal throne of thy divine majesty, shine around us on every side. We cannot with our mortal eyes behold thy presence; we cannot even look stedfastly upon the orb of day, thy glorious emblem: but we can in every part of the globe trace the plain vestiges of thy power, thy wisdom, and thy benevolence: wherever a plant takes root, and flourishes, wherever an animal appears, there art thou plainly discoverable. In the depths of the Pacific Ocean, in the boundless wilds of Africa, upon the snowy summits of the Alps, and along the vast range of the stupendous Andes, thou mayest be traced. Thy power and thy wisdom are evident in the formation of the fragrant rose, and the towering oak; in the gentle lamb, and the roaring lion; in the melodious nightingale, and the rapacious vulture. The exquisite construction of their respective parts proves the unskillfulness of man even in his most elaborate productions, and demonstrates thy admirable invention compared with thy works, how small, imperfect, and trifling are all the labours of art! since all thou dost is marked with consummate skill and excellence. The pleasures which arise from tracing thy power and goodness will doubtless become incomparably more exalted, refined, and exquisite, when the faithful followers of thy beloved Son, our adorable Redeemer shall be admitted into the realms of heaven, and glory, and our souls disengaged from all earthly impediments shall ascend to dwell in thy presence for evermore.

T. M.

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

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**THE DRAMA.**  
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'Tis with our judgments as our watches---none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

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HAYMARKET.

**A** MUSICAL Farce, in two acts, (the only novelty since our last) called **THE GAY DECEIVERS**, was performed for the first time on Wednesday, 22nd inst. The bills, &c. announced it written by Arthur Griffinhoof, author of *The Review*, and *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*; whereas we all know that the former is partly written by Mr. Colman, and the latter entirely his production. Does Mr C. suppose FARCE beneath his dignity, that he assumes a mask which he may think whimsical, but we may pronounce *ridiculous*? Probably he will find that it is a more difficult task to write a good farce than a sentimental comedy: the author of *The Romp* declared so, and the author

of *John Bull* seems in the present instance to have verified the assertion.

The plot of *The Gay Deceivers* is French, and truly insignificant. Sir Harry Poppinjay, and Trop his servant, having in their amours assumed the names of Welworth, and Nehemiah Flam, his servant, the baronet, in his proper character, pays his addresses to Mr. Candy's daughter, who is partial to Welworth, and is pursued (as well as his servant) by his discarded mistress. The author seems to have depended upon character and equivoque more than incident; Nehemiah Flam (excellently represented by Mr. Matthews) had been originally educated to the business of a shoe-black, and with the capital of a few brushes, and a stock in trade of Bailey's blacking-balls, plied between High Holborn and Temple Bar; but having a soul above blacking, he one morning *brushed* off in a new pair of boots, alledging that the owner was a very good, but a *dirty* customer. He then commenced Gentleman Usher to a menagerie of wild beasts, and held forth in the usual oratory of 'Walk in ladies and gentlemen,' through most of the towns of England.—From this *beastly* employment he passed to the office of Prompter to a puppet-show, and managed the matrimonial controversies of Punch and Joan with prodigious *eclat*; explained the magnificence of Solomon's Temple, and rehearsed, in very pathetic dialogue, the plot between Miss Blandy and her lover to poison her father.—From this uncertain way of life he was relieved by an annuity of nine pounds per

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annum, which he accepted under the condition of turning Quaker.—The next character is *Pegasus Puncheon*, a rhyming landlord, performed by Mr. Bannister, junior, who is so fond of the muses that he gives poetical names to his rooms, and is more attentive to Pope, &c. than to his customers. This character, which had an able representative, promised much—the idea was good, but badly executed. Sir Harry is a phantom of Tom Shuffleton, and the rest of the characters are walking gentlemen and ladies. The first act contains much humour: it wants however a good finale, as it concludes with a dull uninteresting air, instead of a humorous duett or trio, in which Pegasus Puncheon and the waiter might have been employed. The last act is wretched, and, were it not for the scene between Nehemiah and Jeremy, could not be tolerated. We expected much from the latter, which the landlord was to deliver, but instead of being productive of mirth, it served only render the conclusion dull and tedious; consequently a violent opposition took place, and the peace was not finished. Mr. Elliston begged a hearing, and said justice had not been done to the author, as it was got up in a hurry; accordingly leave was given for a repetition—but why was it produced under this disadvantage? We remember the farce of the Review was brought forward much later in the season. The piece was repeated on Friday night with general applause—the last scene was curtailed, but not sufficiently, and were it not performed as a *middle* piece, we doubt if it would have

been listened to. We have known pieces better received the first night to have been totally neglected—therefore, though we may admire Mr. Elliston's *friendship*, we cannot approve of his *partiality*. The performers, except Mr. Taylor, in the opening scene, were *all* perfect the first night.

The play of *Pizarro* was performed at this theatre, but, excepting Elliston's Rolla, which was decent, the *ranting*, not the acting, of the other performers, was ridiculous. This play, though a favourite, is conducive to no fame from its representation at this house. The play of *The Stranger* was performed with greater success. Elliston's *Stranger* was interesting, and Miss Grimani's Mrs. Haller impressive.

On Friday night, 24th inst. just before the curtain drew up for the performance of *OBI*, an unusual smoke was perceived issuing from the front of the stage, where the lamps are placed. The whole theatre was soon filled with the vapour, and the audience became extremely alarmed—the manager was called, when Mr. WALDRON came forward, and assured them there was not the least danger. The confusion increased, and many went away. Mr. Elliston stepped over the orchestra into the pit, and pledged his word that there was not the least occasion for alarm. He attributed the smoke to some liquid that had been spilt under the stage. The people were at length satisfied, and the piece went on.

Drury-lane theatre opens on the 15th of September, and Covent-garden on the 17th.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

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TO JULIA.

BY THOMAS LITTLE.

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WHY, let the stingless critic chide  
With all that fume of vacant pride,  
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!  
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,  
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,  
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,  
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—  
If some fond feeling maid like thee,  
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,  
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme  
She languishes in Passion's dream,  
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—  
"No critic law, no chill control,  
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,  
"The flowings of so fond a heart!"  
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!  
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,  
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,  
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!  
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,  
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;

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Oh! let my song, my mem'ry find  
 A shrine within the tender mind;  
 And I will scorn the critic's chide,  
 And I will scorn the fume of pride,  
 Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,  
 Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

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### EPIGRAM.

**A** LIBERTINE once, by his sister reprov'd  
 For his brutish contempt of the Saviour she  
 lov'd,  
 Cries ' Mary, let's hear of this nonsense no more;  
 Go run to your closet and con your pray'rs o'er;  
 When you get in a corner, you godly folks say,  
 You can have what you will, if you heartily pray.'  
 " Ah, brother!" she says, " can I ever think so,  
 While your conduct contributes so much to my  
 woe!  
 How quickly (could I but obtain my desire)  
 Should I see yourself snatch'd as a brand from the  
 fire!"

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### RAINY SUNDAY.

**T**HE whistling winds tempestuous blow,  
 The rain descends! Good lack!  
 The City Dame's compell'd to stow  
 Her silks into a hack.  
 Old Squaretoes, growling, views the glass,  
 And fasts as if on thorns,  
 Oblig'd to dine at home, alas!  
 Instead of at the Horns!

The spruce Apprentice, angry swears,  
 And bites his nether lip,  
 He cannot shew his tonish airs,  
 Nor sport his bran new Vip.

The Devotee despising mud,  
 Though splash'd up to the shins,  
 Demurely walks, in spacious hood,  
 To wash away her sins.

The Buck who scorns the City Puts,  
 And thinks all rich men noodles,  
 In Hessian boots securely struts  
 To make his bets at BOODLE'S.

Ye Raining Powers! then hear me pray,  
 And spare! oh spare us one day!  
 Throughout the week your fountains play,  
 And cloudless be each Sunday!

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### SOUTHAMPTON WATERS.

THE breeze was fresh, with easy bend  
 The easy canvass own'd its sway;  
 The keel the girgling waters rend,  
 The vessel passes on her way.  
 Against the mast the ship-boy stood,  
 And sung a ditty full of woe;  
 Or, idly gazing on the flood,  
 Mark'd the swift progress of the prow.

Girt round with many an ivy'd bow'r,  
 Netley, thy ruin'd walls I see;  
 And, quite o'ercome, give all the hour  
 To blue-ey'd Sensibility!  
 And who, once having seen thy face,  
 That thinks on Sensibility,  
 Can so forget each matchless trace,  
 Dear Maid! as not to think on thee!

I thought on thee, I thought on Love,  
On Friendship, and Philanthropy;  
On Gratitude, and God, nor strove  
To check a tear from either eye.  
Rapt in these dear illusive themes,  
Till rous'd by hated drums, I lay;  
Torn was the texture of my dreams,  
And stol'n each tender joy away.

That loath'd abode of filth and vice,  
A transport, stood expos'd to view;  
Heav'n! what an object for these eyes,  
Still wet with thoughts of love, and you!  
I thought on War's destructive train,  
The havoc which it makes in bliss;  
Turning affection into pain,  
And murd'ring all the charities.

Oh, God! cried I, how long, how long,  
Shall ign'rance be the dupe of guilt?  
Dying, the poor deluded throng  
Bless those by whom their blood is spilt!  
Let knowledge, let thy light, descend,  
To cheer the darkness of thy race;  
Self-interest shall recommend  
To wash the wounds of weeping Peace.

Should knowledge to the earth be giv'n,  
Prudence would point to Virtue's road;  
The earth would be the gate of Heav'n,  
And ev'ry soul aspire to God.  
Let go the sheets, the captain cries,  
The wish'd-for port appears in view;  
The boat already 'longside lies,  
And I must bid thee, Love, adieu!

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## FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

*Recitative.*

REJOICE! rejoice! ye circling nations hear—  
Glad tidings of great joy to you I bear,  
Let rapture fire your breast;  
From Heav'n the Angels, rob'd in splendor bright,  
Ere morning's dawn dispell'd the shades of night,  
A Saviour born confest!

*Chorus.*

Rejoice! rejoice! the Angels cry,  
Earth, hail your bless'd Divinity!

DUET.

## THE BRITISH OAK.

YE BRITONS, venerate your Tree,  
Dread Guardian of your *Liberty*,  
Through many a distant age:  
Beneath its shade the *Druid* rose,  
And wak'd the British youth from woes  
To true heroic rage!

Forth from the woods they rush'd like flame,  
What time *Rome's* hostile legions came,

They met them near the waves:  
And who shall call the conflict vain?

They perish'd on their native plain,  
Nor liv'd a race of slaves!

And still this Tree, to BRITONS dear,  
Protects our rights from year to year;

Hence are our terrors hurl'd !  
 Ye BRITONS, venerate your OAK,  
 From which your TARS in thunder spoke,]  
 And shook th' astonish'd world !

While this shall flourish in the glade,  
 What foe shall dare our soil invade !  
 O sovereign Tree increase !  
 Still spread thy bending branches far,  
 Protect us from the woes of *War*,  
 And shelter us in *Peace* !

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### THE DEW-DROP.

MARK the resplendent orb of day,  
 Early diffuse his orient ray,  
 Enliv'ning all around !  
 The dew, soft trembling, then is seen  
 On ev'ry beauteous spire of green  
 That decorates the ground.

As, if the op'ning scene invite  
 To hail his mild returning light,  
 Each drop refulgence gains ;  
 The prism's diverging colours too,  
 On ev'ry humid ball we view,  
 That clothes the verdant plains.

But should the sun his glory shroud  
 In some opaque obtruding cloud,  
 Soon is their beauty lost :  
 So Christians, if their Lord remove,  
 The sudden loss of comfort prove,  
 Nor longer beauty boast.

Warn'd by the dew-drop's transient show,  
 All self-dependence I forego,



Nor trust my treach'rous heart.  
 Jesus! to thee my soul would fly,  
 Thou Son of righteousness on high,  
 Thy quick'ning beams impart!  
 The smallest drop throughout the field  
 Will somewhat of sweet radiance yield,  
 Cheer'd by the rising day;  
 So I, the meanest of thine own,  
 Dear Lord! would dwell before thy throne,  
 And shine with borrow'd ray.

ANNETTE.

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### ON HUMAN LIFE.

(A Translation from the Greek.)

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**O** LIFE, thou burden of perpetual care,  
 Which no one can escape, and few can bear,  
 What path can screen us from thy length of woes,  
 Save that, where Death this vale of tears shall close!  
 Sweet are thy natural charms: the land, the main,  
 The sun, and silver moon, and starry train:  
 But all the rest is bitterness and tears,  
 Pain in the present, in the future fears,  
 And tho' some transient joy the mourner feels,  
 Avenging sorrow treads upon its heels.

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### EPIGRAM.

**S**AYS Old Nick to his crony, old Emperor Nero,  
 As together they sat in a sulphury bow'r—  
 "I'm resolv'd now to finish my Corsican hero,  
 By crowning his wishes with *absolute pow'r*."  
 Says Nero—"Great king of Hell's gloomy domi-  
 nion!  
 Ponder well what your majesty's going to do—  
 His *ambition's* so *boundless*, that 'tis my opinion,  
 It never will rest—till he overturns *you*."

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## THE KISS.

**H**UMID seal of soft affections !  
 Tenderest pledge of future bliss !  
 Dearest tie of young connections !  
 Love's first snow-drop—virgin kiss !  
 Speaking silence—dumb confession !  
 Passion's birth and infant play !  
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession  
 Glowing dawn of brighter day !  
 Sorrowing joy ! Adieu's last action  
 When lingering lips no more must join !  
 What words can ever speak affection  
 So thrilling, so sincere as thine ?  
 Thee the fond youth untaught and simple,  
 Nor on the naked breast can find,  
 Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple !  
 Sole offspring thou of lips conjoin'd !  
 Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion  
 With Hebe spend thy laughing day !  
 Dwell in her rubied lip's expansion !  
 Dash in her eyes propitious ray !

## A PASSAGE FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHURCHILL,

*In which the false pathetic is ridiculed.*

**A**H woeful me ! ah woeful man !  
 Ah woeful all do all we can !  
 Who can on earthly things depend  
 From one to t' other moment's end ?  
 Honor, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,  
 Good lack ! good lack ! are transitory !  
 Nothing is sure and stable found,  
 The very earth itself goes round—  
 Monarchs, nay ministers must die—  
 Must rot—must stink—ah me ! ah why ?

Cities themselves in time decay  
 If cities thus, ah! well-a-day!  
 If brick and mortar have an end  
 On what can flesh and blood depend?  
 Ah woeful me! ah woeful man!  
 Ah! woeful all—do all we can!

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## A WISH.

FROM all the busy scenes of life,  
 The noise of war! the senate's strife,  
 The empty sounds of rising fame,  
 And heroes, bleeding for a name,  
 Grant me, O Pow'r supreme, a place,  
 Where all these jarring tumults cease.  
 May I enjoy some still retreat,  
 Nor ask their fame! nor share their fate!  
 Have just enough to bear me o'er  
 The stage of life, nor rich nor poor;  
 But blest amidst some rural scenes,  
 Of purling brooks, and flow'ry greens,  
 Enraptur'd rove,—and there enjoy,  
 What man can't give, nor man destroy.

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## DELIRIUM.

BY MRS. MONTOLIEU.

HEAR'ST thou yon screams that rend the air?  
 Hark!—'tis the gipsy beats my child!—  
 She drags her by her golden hair!—  
 O!—why thus hold me?—Am I wild?  
 Now, even now my babe expires,  
 Stripped, on the ground, to cold a prey:  
 Great God! hast thou not tenfold fires  
 For her who tore my soul away?  
 Yes, from yon pale star flashes rise;  
 It was, it was my cherub smiled—  
 I come—the frantic mother cries,  
 And flies to Heaven to seek her child.

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## Literary Review.

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*The Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales, from Materials collected during two Excursions in the Year 1803. By B. Heath Malkin, Esq. A.M. F.S.A. Embellished with Views drawn on the Spot, and engraved by Laporte, and a Map of the Country.*

THE principality of Wales has long been a subject of curiosity. We have now before us a work of real value, and we think it entitled to our particular commendation. Radnorshire, Cardiganshire, Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire, Brecknockshire, and Glamorganshire, constitute South Wales. Here then we have them minutely described; and we meet with many particulars worthy of attention. Those who visit the principality know it to be a most romantic portion of the island. Thither our brave forefathers fled from the brutality of the Saxon invader, and the ancient Briton retained, for a series of ages, his independence and liberty. It is pleasing therefore to find a man of genius and talents, devoting his attention to the delineation of that country. The map is accurate and copious—the views are

well chosen as to their respective subjects, and executed with a commendable fidelity. We wish the work an extended circulation. It is well entitled to the public approbation.

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*War inconsistent with Christianity: a Sermon preached at St. James's Church, Bath, Friday, May 25, 1804, on the Day of the General Fast. By the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of that Parish. Second Edition.*

FROM Matt. xxvi. 32, *Put up again thy sword into his place, for all they that take sword shall perish with the sword*, the preacher inveighs with considerable energy against war offensive and defensive, as inconsistent with christianity.— This is not a new sentiment, it being the opinion of a great many worthy individuals in the christian world. Indeed, as to the quakers, it characterises their whole community. We are, however, differently minded. No good man indeed can give war, in itself, his approbation. But defensive war must be allowed, in the present corrupt and degenerate state of society, for the prevention of still greater evils. We are persuaded that our arming on the present awful occasion has been the salvation of the country. We must however allow every one the exercise of the right of private judgment. and respect their integrity. This animated discourse is dedicated to CHARLES JAMES FOX, “ as an humble testimony of veneration for his stea-

dy and manifold exertions in the almost deserted cause of suffering humanity."

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*Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, with a Persuasive to Religious Moderation. By John Evans, A. M. Ninth Edition; with Corrections and Improvements.*

OF this truly useful and popular work, *twenty-five thousand* having issued from the press, we think it our duty to announce this fresh edition, because it contains the latest corrections and improvements. We cannot be too accurately acquainted with the tenets of our fellow-Christians; for the more we know one another, the more disposed shall we be to cherish toward each other a fervent charity. Ignorance and bigotry go hand in hand—hence they are always hostile to true religion. Christianity can never flourish in a great degree, till its professors lay aside prejudice and ill-will—strife and contention, with every evil work. *Love is the fulfilling of the law.* Let this grace then become the delight and admiration of mankind!

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*Practical Discourses, by the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of St. James's, Bath. Vol. II.*

OF the former volume of these excellent Discourses, we have already expressed our approbation. We may, and do bestow on the

volume before us, a similar commendation. The preacher is well known to the public by a variety of publications. His theological tenets are rational, his views liberal, and his composition is fraught with an unusual degree of energy. He has indeed not taken the way to preferment, either by the choice of his subject, or by his manner of treating them, but he is an honest, good man ; such men are wanted both in and out of the church—they are entitled to our special regard—they are deserving of our peculiar veneration.

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### *Retrospect of the Political World.*

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

HAVING for some months past animated on the spirit and conduct of BONAPARTE, we now find him charged with an attempt to *poison* the FRENCH PRINCES ! From the minuteness of the particulars which have transpired, there is reason to believe that the charge is made with good reason—it may therefore be pronounced a trait in his character which stamps his name with everlasting infamy ! Indeed this profligate, unprincipled, and abandoned man is capable of any thing. We were not surprised at the transaction. Our only surprise is, that France, containing near *thirty millions* of human beings, can crouch down under the iron yoke of his villainous tyranny !

The RUSSIAN EMPEROR, justly indignant

at this outrage—has offered an asylum to the *unfortunate princes*, and seems disposed to join with us in avenging their cause—now become the cause of humanity. We trust there still remains so much energy in the nations of Europe, that they will not suffer the *Corsican assassin* to bestride and insult the world.

The *invasion* of the enemy still resounds in our ears—their preparations are certainly great and persevering—and gladly would they aim a decisive stroke at our country. But we are prepared to meet the *abominable foe*, in our present circumstances, and with the blessing of heaven we ought not to despair of *their* entire overthrow, and *our* complete victory.



## MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR AUGUST, 1804.

1. **E**LIZABETH Williams, a beautiful and innocent looking girl, not more than sixteen years old, was convicted of breaking into the dwelling-house of a gentleman, and stealing a quantity of wearing apparel. She, found guilty—of course sentence of death was passed upon her—but she was not left for execution.

2. Mrs. Esten, the celebrated actress, was robbed of a very valuable diamond ring; it was however traced to the shop of a jeweller at the west end of the town—who bought it of a man who recently married one of the maid-servants



of the family. He was committed for trial at the next Old Bailey sessions.

4. A dashing young man was examined before the lord mayor for the crime of polygamy. Three young women, genteel, and well dressed appeared against him: and he is supposed to have still other wives living. He was remanded for future examination.

5. A melancholy accident took place on Blackfriar's-bridge; a young man of good appearance threw himself over the battlements into the river. But a waterman hastening to his assistance, saved the wretched victim of despair from destruction.

9. The Middlesex election closed, when the sheriffs returned Mr. Mainwaring as duly elected. Sir F. Burdett and his friends complain, and complain justly, of the conduct of the sheriffs on the occasion. Many freeholders were not suffered to vote for Sir F. Burdett, and we understand they mean to enter actions against the sheriffs; for, had these freeholders voted, a popular and truly respectable candidate would have possessed a large and decided majority. The business no doubt will come before the House of Commons, when we trust the cause of the freeholders will be avenged. Should such proceedings be allowed in behalf of any candidate, there is an end to the truly valuable liberties of our country.

10. Mr. O'Hara, a gentleman well known on the turf, met with an accident in Piccadilly, being thrown from his horse; the bruises were such that he survived only a few days.

11. An alarming fire broke out at the sugar warehouse of Messrs. Shilitæe, Whitins, and Co. Thames-street. None of the property could be saved. After having raged with uncommon fury for four hours, it was extinguished.

14. Intelligence received of the death of General Hamilton, who had fallen in a duel at New York, with Colonel Burr, Vice-President of the United States. This latter gentleman had for a *second* one of the *judges* of the land! General Hamilton was a most respectable character; and his loss has been deplored much in the same manner as that of General Washington. We trust that Colonel Burr and the judge who has taken a part in this scandalous business, will be brought to condign punishment. It is remarkable that Gen. Hamilton's son was killed in duel on the very spot two years. It is impossible to pity such madness and folly.

16. A young woman presented her complaint to the Lord Mayor against her husband, to whom she had been married only a few months. The young man, however, stated that her passion arose from his not permitting her to go to Peckham Fair; that after they had gone to bed she tore the collar of his shirt, scratched his legs, &c. The Lord Mayor advised this loving couple to go home, make it up, and not to expose themselves on a future occasion.

22. The anniversary of the birth-day of the Duke of Clarence, when he completed his 39th

year, was kept at Bushy Park with much joy and festivity.

23. Mr. Sheridan gave a grand dinner at Drury-lane Theatre to a select party of about 27 friends, among whom were Col. M' Mahon, Messrs. Harvey Combe, Pigot, Goold, &c. The turtle and venison were provided by Mr. Sheridan, and the wines, which were choice and excellent, were a present from the Prince of Wales. A quantity of excellent hock was sent by Mr. Goold, and Mr. Fonblanque furnished the desert. It was a truly cheerful and convivial party.

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MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS  
FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

**A**NDREW Delauney, Great Pulteney-street, Westminster, working-jeweller. John Bishop and John Terry, Maidstone, Kent, upholders. William Leighton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, inn-keeper. Stephen Sazonoff, Apollo-buildings, East-lane, Walworth, merchant. Samuel Chaplin, High street, Southwark. Neddy Radcliffe, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. John Wells and Thomas Smith, Leadenhall-street, London, hatters. William Wilson, Coal Exchange, London, coal factor. David Keene, Aldersgate-street, cabinet-maker. John Warlters, Cornhill, mercer. Anthony Peck, Gravesend, carpenter. Edward Riley, Strand, music-seller. James Clark, Bursledon Southampton, ship-owner. John Clayton, Salford, Lancaster, flour-dealer. William Pryer, Hackney, stock-broker. John Amos, New Road, St. George's in the East, Middlesex, victualler. Joseph Sayers, Charles-street, Cavendish-square, shoemaker. George

Beaumont, Newmarket, grocer and draper. J. and W. Helbrow, Avening, Gloucestershire, dealers and chapmen. Thomas Row, Bath, butcher. John Browne, Bath, bookseller. William Hill, Liverpool, ship-builder. Robert Thompson, Sheffield, cutler. George Worthington, Manchester, porter-brewer. Edward Pugh, Franklin's-yard, Surry, oilman. Richard Cartwright, Manchester, brush-maker. Jonathan Denton, Hunshelf, York, cotton spinner. Peter Caven, Brighthelmstone, linen-draper. Thomas Cooper the Younger, late of Derby, watch-maker. John Hodgson, Birmingham, merchant. Hilton Wray, Birchin-lane, druggist. Henry Tripp, Bristol, Taylor. Michael Byrne, George-street, Manchester-square, coal-merchant. George Scougall, Blackheath, Kent, merchant. William Towne, Deptford, Kent, clerk. William Porter, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, grocer. Luke Wheatley the Elder, Bedworth, Warwickshire, butcher. Daniel Boileau, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. William Lawley, Cleobury, Mortimer, Shropshire, timber-merchant. Francis Paul Palmer, Sidbury, Worcester, money-scrivener. David Wall, Bristol, cordwainer. Jeremiah Connellan, Browne's-buildings, St. Mary Axe, merchant. John Nodin, Water-lane, merchant. Bryant Biggs, Charter House, Somerset, shopkeeper. Thomas Owen, late of Walsal, Stafford, baker. James Smith, Pemberton, Lancaster, bleacher. James Osborne, Oxford, Sadler. Thomas Teasdale, late of Penrith, Cumberland, inn-keeper. Thomas Leeson, Packwood, Warwick, mercer. John Tuton and Joseph Waring, Leeds, York. Mary Price, spinster, Hereford, milliner. Thomas Haw, Stockton, Durham, ship-builder. Thomas Eddells, Aldermanbury, London, warehouser. Samuel Cook, Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier. Thomas Cole, Daggenham, Essex, baker. John Halli-

field, Messingham, Lincolnshire, beast-jobber. John Stork, Thomas Whitby, and Matthew Botterill, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, merchants. Joseph Daulby, Liverpool, slater and plaisterer. Edward Owen Cumming, Plymouth Dock, shopkeeper. Joseph Linley, Oxford-street, hosier. Thomas Barlow, Liverpool, taylor. William Drummond, Fobbing, Essex, mariner. James Harman, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, haberdasher. John Lardner, Oxford-street, Mary-le-bone, ironmonger. Charles Stephenson, Parliament-street, Westminster, stationer. Richard Mount, Canterbury, hop-merchant. Thomas Thomas and Henry Cameron, Birmingham, factors. James Whitworth, Alford, Lincolnshire, brandy-merchant.

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#### REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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##### MARRIED.

LAST week, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Henry Thorpe, to Miss Allen, daughter of the late John Allen, Esq. of Springmount.

Lately, at St. George's, Canterbury, Captain Horsley, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blue) to Miss Maria Champion Crespigny.

At Croydon, Joseph Reid, Esq. of Old Broad-street, to Miss Caldelough, eldest daughter of Alexander Caldeleugh, Esq. of Broad-green.

By the Rev. Dr. Herschell, high-priest of the Jewish nation in this kingdom, Lemon Hart, Esq. of Penzance, to Miss Mary Solomon, of Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields.

At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, John Maunde, Esq. late of Montgomery, North Wales, to Mrs. Wade, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury-square.

Lately, in Buckinghamshire, John Atkins, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, to Nancy Curtis, daughter of a common labourer. The exquisite beauty and genuine modesty of Nancy were the praise of the whole village; and, by conforming herself to the advice of a gentleman who was two years ago on a visit in those parts, she won the heart of Mr. Atkins, who, after giving her a suitable education, led her to the altar.

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DIED.

The Earl of Leitrim, at his house in Grosvenor-square, in his 84th year.

At his house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Col. David Woodbourne, of the Bengal Artillery.

At Bath, the Right Hon. Dowager Countess Kilwarden.

At Farnham, Dorsetshire, the lady of Sir W. Oglander, Bart. of Nunwell, Isle of Wight.

At Liverpool, the wife of Mr. H. Lewis, Comedian, son of Mr. Lewis, of Covent-garden theatre.

At Bath, Mrs. Knight, wife of Mr. Knight, late of Covent-garden theatre, now manager and principal proprietor of the theatre-royal, Liverpool. Mrs. Knight was sister to the Countess of Derby.

At Clifton, June 21, aged 70, Mrs. M'Cumming, wife of Capt. Bryce M'Cumming, who was 44 years married; she was twice brought to bed at sea, twice lost every thing by shipwreck, and twice on short allowance of provisions and water. She was born in the great Earl of Crawford's family, who fought against the Turks both in the Russian and Emperor of Germany's armies. She had perfect recollection of Lady Jane Douglas calling on the Countess of Crawford in Brussels, when on her way to Paris to lye-in, and the Countess at parting wishing her a happy hour. She was in Pensacola during the Douglas cause, or it is probable she

might have been called on as a corroborating evidence.

On Thursday, June 19, at the Grotto House, Margate, in the 16th year of his age, Mr. T. P. Oldfield, a youth of most extraordinary genius, and too generally known to suffer an idea of the following account of his life to be discredited :—at the age of five years and a half he had the scarlet fever, which brought on him a paralysis of the lower extremities, and debilitated his body for the rest of his life ; but his mind presented the finest display of human perfection. Whatever he read he instantly had by heart ; his favourite pursuits were the mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, geography, history and painting, in all of which he made a great proficiency. His favourite authors were Locke and Newton ; and his retentive faculties were so strong, that he never forgot a single incident with which he had been once acquainted. He could relate every circumstance of Grecian, Roman, and English history ; was master of astronomy, and had pursued it up to all its recent discoveries ; had the finest taste for drawing and painting, and would frequently take admirable likenesses of persons who struck him from memory. He wrote a hand like copper plate ; and, at a very early period of his life had made himself master of arithmetic. He was never known to be out of temper ; and though he suffered an illness of ten years, which terminated in a dropsy, and bursting of a blood-vessel upon the lungs, he was never once known to repine or be impatient. His wit was brilliant and refined ; and his loss will ever be deplored by those who had the happiness of knowing him.

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